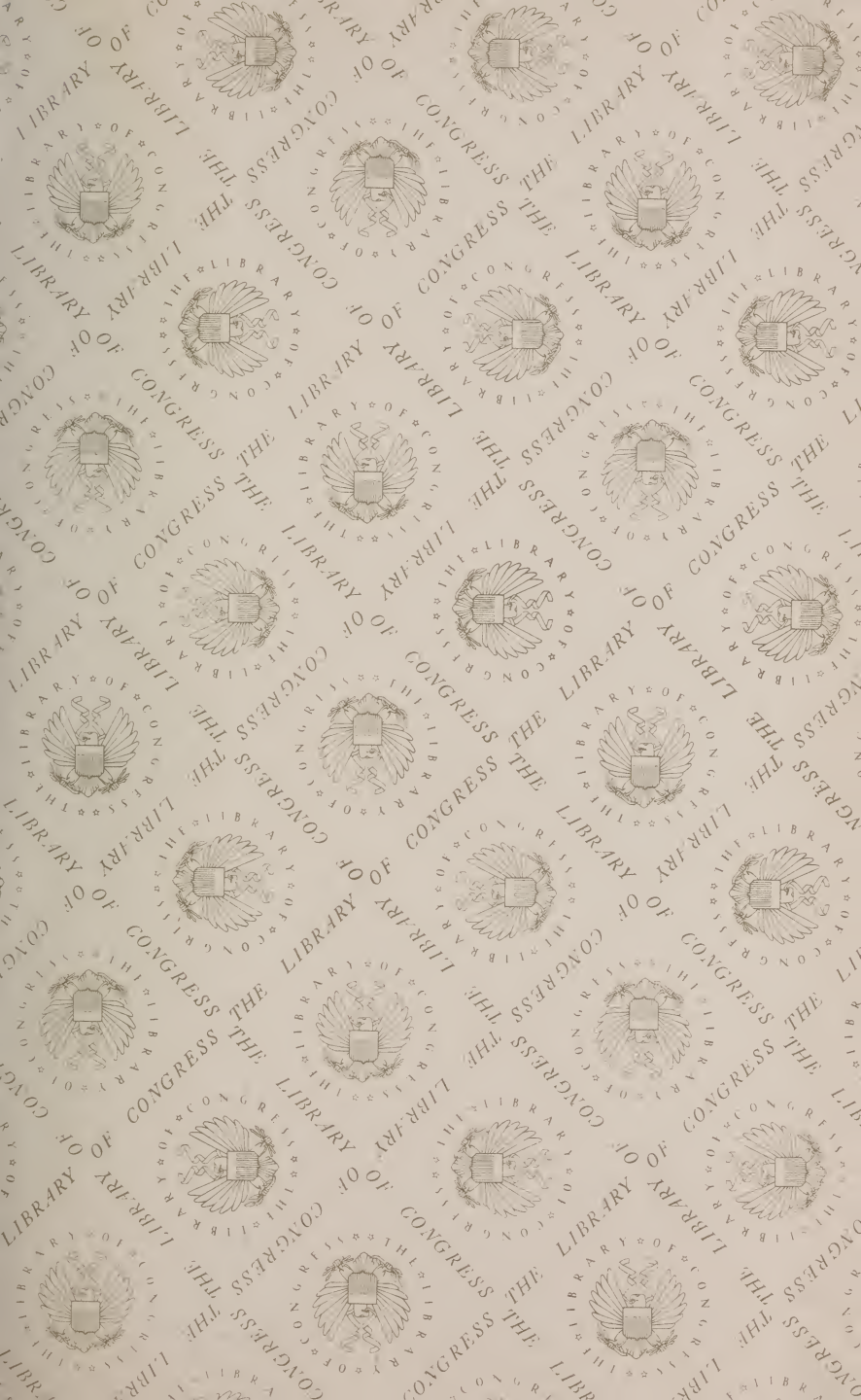


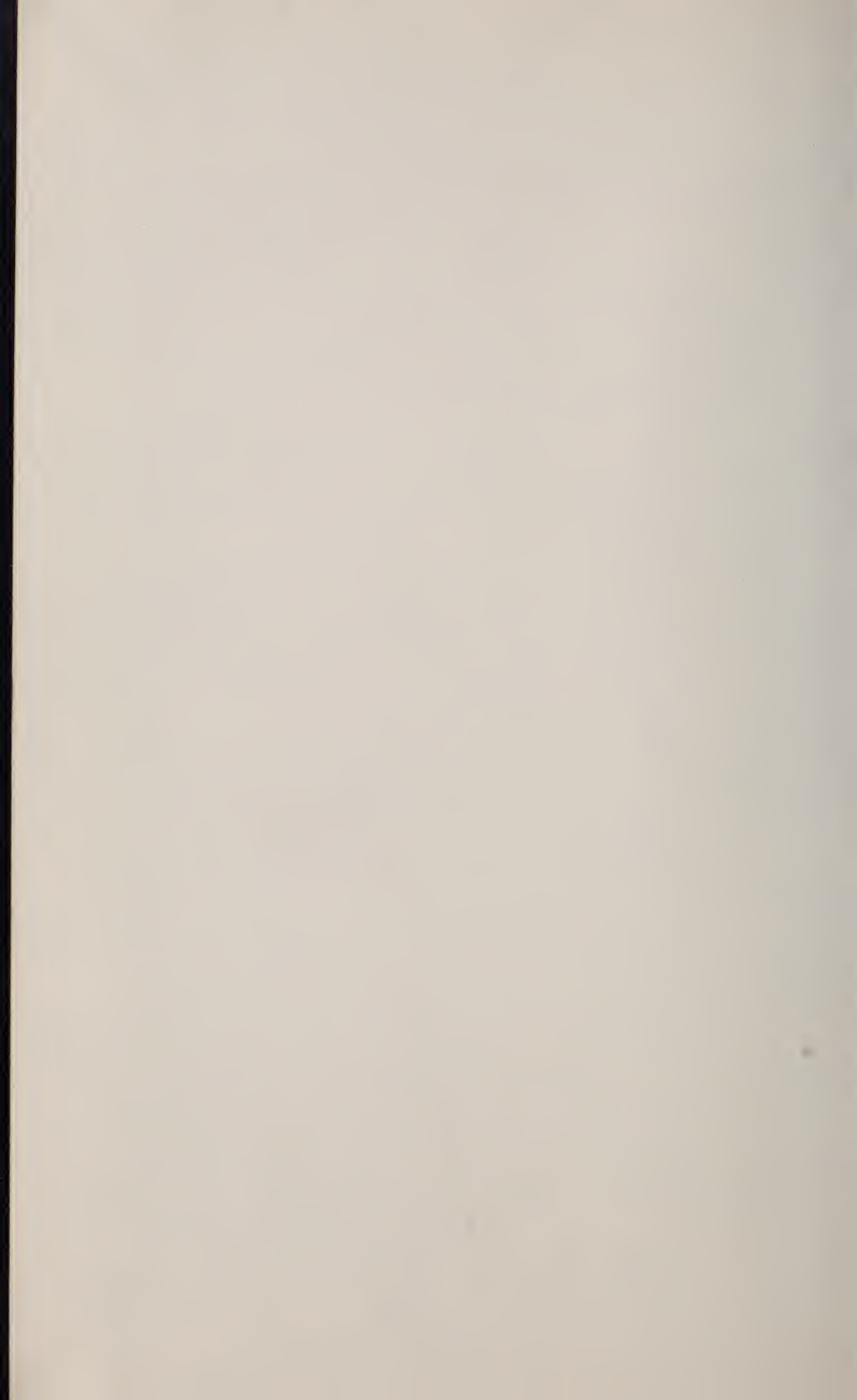
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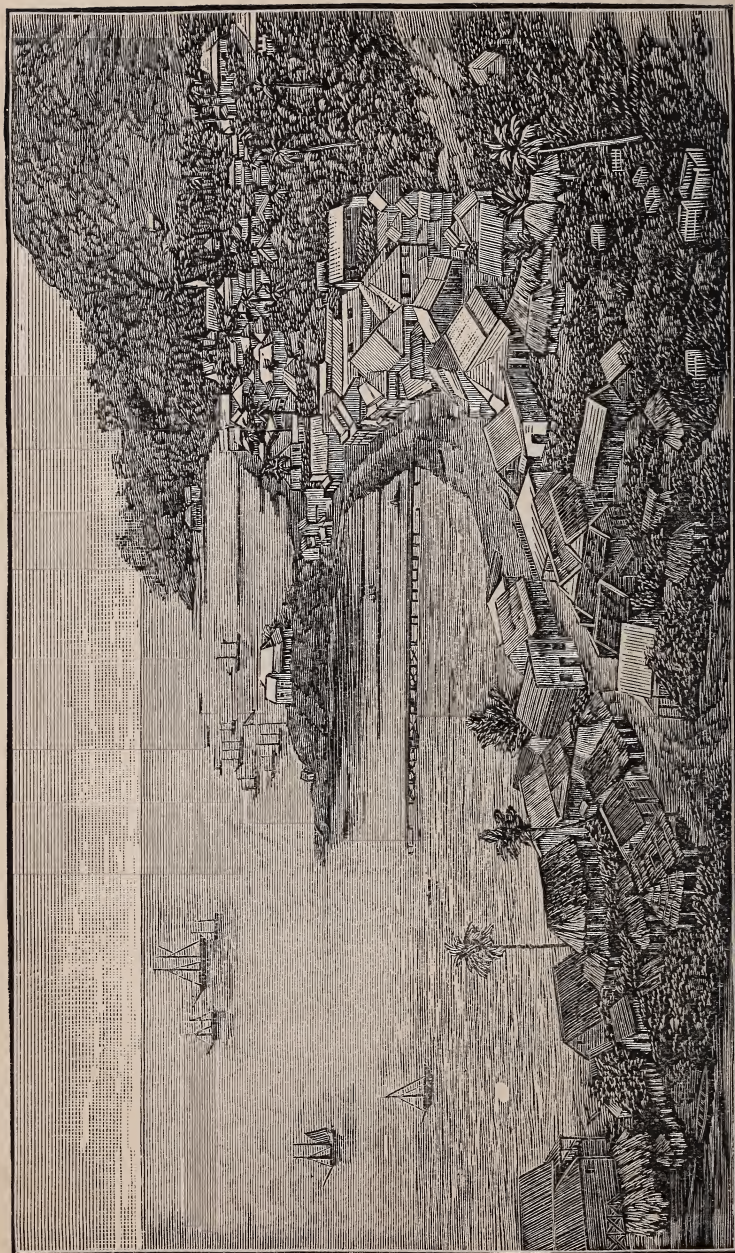












LEVUKA, ISLAND OF OVALAU, FIJI.



*My own people*  
*his boy*

# JOTTINGS FROM THE PACIFIC

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LIFE AND INCIDENTS

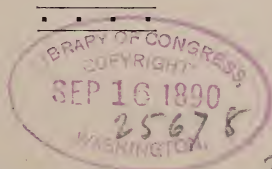
IN THE

FIJIAN AND SAMOAN ISLANDS

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*✓*  
*Adams*  
By EMMA H. ADAMS,

*Author of "To and Fro in Southern California," and  
"Up and Down in Oregon and Washington."*



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## JOTTINGS FROM THE PACIFIC.

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# Fiji and Samoan Groups.

## CHAPTER I.

### GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF FIJI.



OW we are off for months of life and study among the island groups of the Southern Pacific Ocean. The Golden Gate has vanished from sight. We are fairly out on the wide main. Return we cannot. Nor dare we suffer even our thoughts to fly back to shore. That step might cost us tears. So we shut our native land out of mind, and turn thoughts and eyes into—distance, distance.

Almost directly southwest of San Francisco, 3,670 miles away, lies beautiful Fiji-land. For that point our steamer is headed. So are we. On her way the ship will touch at the Sandwich Islands, 2,100 miles off our coast to the southwest. To these islands, however, we give no place in this little book,

because, when we come to talk about the Hawaiian Kingdom, we shall want to do something more than to "touch" at Honolulu.

So, outward we speed, crossing the equator, and after many days of patient sailing, find ourselves in the fine harbor of Gloa Bay, island of Kandavu, the southernmost of the Fiji group. We are now ninety miles from the little town of Levuka, the capital of Fiji. The place is situated on the island of Ovalau, a bit of territory measuring eight miles by seven, and the central land of the group. While making this distance, in any sort of craft that offers, let us endeavor to ascertain why recent geographers arrange the 8,000 islands of the Pacific Ocean in the manner our latest maps exhibit them.

Formerly, the vast insular multitude was included under the very appropriate term, Polynesia—many islands. But more and more through the last three centuries, and especially during the present one, have missionaries, navigators, trades-people, and even adventurers, lived among their interesting inhabitants, and studied their resemblances and differences; their customs, language, traditions, and origin. The result has been the grouping of the islands according to the race unities, or race distinctions, of the 77,000,000 of people living upon them, rather than according to the geographical position of the lands themselves. Now, therefore, we have the vast territory presented in three great sections, under the names Micronesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia.

To designate these grand divisions accurately is quite impossible, owing, if we may so express ourselves, to the overlapping of the races. However, beginning with the most northern division, we may say that Micronesia embraces an area of the Pacific Ocean about 3,500 miles in length from east to west, and 2,000 miles from north to south, lying north of the equator, and mostly southwest of the United States. The term embraces the Caroline, Ladrone, Marshall, Gilbert, Anson, Bonin, and Magellan groups, besides a multitude of small islets scattered north and west of the Sandwich Islands.

In this division, in spite of race infringements, ethnology tells a truthful story, for, in appearance, language, and customs, the populations are closely united, and constitute a large branch of the fairer part of what was once termed "the Polynesian race." Still, the tale is told with curious variations. For instance: The inhabitants of the Gilbert Isles show, unmistakably, the excellent influence of the Samoan people, while on some of the Marshall and Ladrone Islands there are communities, so much darker in color and more benighted than others, as to quickly suggest Melanesian origin.

Perhaps the most advanced Micronesians are the upper classes of the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Of splendid physique, and wide-awake, they are the marine architects, the trades-people, the tradition keepers, and the expedition leaders of this division. They are polite, hospitable, expert fishermen, skillful

husbandmen. From a hand-loom of their invention, they weave beautiful fabrics of banana, hibiscus, and other fibers. The upper class of the Marshall Islanders is the most daring sea-going people of the Pacific. They make voyages of months in duration, in vast canoes, well-provisioned, and thus reveal how widely severed islands of the ocean have been populated. They have charts, curiously fashioned, which show the position of the lands, and the course of the winds and currents. The population of these groups, called the Eastern Carolines, is about 160,000. They were discovered in 1528; were named for Charles II., of Spain, and are under Spanish dominion; but all the leading European nations have taken a hand in bringing them to light.

Pages of most readable things might be written of Micronesia and its race, but this little volume has another mission; therefore, here we leave them, hoping some future day may give opportunity to tell the story.

Beginning with Papua, or New Guinea, just below the equator, and stretching southeastwardly a distance of 3,500 miles, to New Caledonia, just within the tropic of Capricorn, and thence northeastwardly to the Fiji Islands, 1,000 miles above New Zealand, lies the splendid group composing Melanesia.

Indeed, in this division are New Guinea (the largest island on the globe except Australia), the three



magnificent single islands, New Britain, New Ireland, New Caledonia, and the Solomon, Santa Cruz, Queen Charlotte, New Hebrides, Loyalty, Society, Banks, Ellice, and Fijian groups, with any number of bits of coral real-estate, whose names are unknown. The word Melanesia means "black islands," and was applied by the French, on account of the dark color of the inhabitants, who belong to the Papuan, or New Guinea, race, and speak the Papuan tongue.

The chain follows, rather inaccurately, the contour of the Australian coast, thus giving the islands a geographical, as they certainly have an ethnological, unity. A young gentleman sojourning in that region lately, in search of facts concerning the islands, tells us that were they all joined together the area would be 350,000 square miles; and their present population, exceeding 1,000,000, is less than that of the little State of New Jersey.

Here, too, in Melanesia, have we natives of majestic figure, intelligent, shrewd in general affairs, but implacably revengeful, possessing a hot thirst for human blood, and a keen cannibalistic appetite. Nevertheless, they are readily influenced by Christian teaching, and cheerfully submissive under authority. But, on arriving in Levuka, we shall give them further attention.

Were a line to be drawn from the Hawaiian Islands southward to New Zealand, and then extended eastward about an equal distance, we should have two sides of a square, each nearly four thousand

miles long, within which would lie Polynesia, to-day the third grand division of the Pacific islands, formerly embracing, as we have already remarked, all the groups and single islands lying between the eastern shore of Asia and the western coast of America.

The clusters most familiar to us in Polynesia are the Hervey, Friendly, Austral, Union, Phoenix, Samoan, Penryhn, Duke of York, and Kermadec, with the Hawaiian in the far northwest, and the Tuamotus, or Low Archipelago, gemming the sea 1,000 miles east of charming Tahiti. Very many of the Tuamotus are mere coral islets, or atolls, encircling lagoons, dangerously studded with coral. The lagoon of Hao, for instance, which is a surface of water twenty-five miles long by fifteen miles wide, if I remember correctly, is regally rimmed around by fifty pretty islets, while its bosom is fairly embroidered with lovely coral formations.


A dearth of both animal and vegetable life distinguishes many of the Tuamotus. Insects are very rare; of reptiles there is only a lizard; of mammals, only a rat; but, as if to make amend for the parsimony on shore, the sea is alive with fish, mollusks, crustaceans, and zoophytes.

But we may not linger in Eastern Polynesia, except to say that one of the Tuamotus was Captain Magellan's first discovery upon entering the southern Pacific in 1520; that since then the group has been visited by navigators of every race, and for

every purpose, and has been christened in every tongue; that the archipelago is sometimes called "The Pearl Islands," and pearl fishing is the only paying industry; that many of the larger atolls are settled by a strong, dark-skinned people, whose daily *menu* comprises only fish, cocoanuts and pandanus fruit; but that the inhabitants of Polynesia, generally, are fairer, kindlier, more attractive than the Melanesians, those living on the coral islands being darker than those on the volcanic, and those nearest the equator being the fairest of all; that through the efforts of English and American missionaries, chiefly, the paganism of earlier days is quite eradicated, notably so in the Hawaiian, Samoan, and Society groups; and finally, that coral is the marvel everywhere, in old ocean's depths, on old ocean's breast. But to this latter subject we shall devote an early chapter of this book, dropping it here to cultivate acquaintance with the bold Fijians, a people buried in revolting heathenism until fifteen years ago, when the queen of England laid her restricting hand upon them and attached them to the British crown.

## CHAPTER II.

### GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION OF FIJI.

ANY of the Fijian Islands are among the richest gems of coral land. They are distinguished for their charming scenery, for their delightful climate, for the great variety and value of their productions. About eighty, only, of the 250 are inhabited. The principal islands of the group are Viti Levu, Vanua Levu, Kandavu, Ovalau, and one or two others of less importance, Levuka, the capital, being on the last mentioned, as already stated.

In 1882 the population was estimated at 122,000, of whom 2,000 were Polynesians and coolies, while 2,000 were white people from every clime. There is evidence that when Fiji was a powerful, homogeneous kingdom, the population was much more dense. In 1860 there were forty tribes, all more or less independent, speaking one language, and possessing a strong feeling of nationality. They were under twelve chiefs, at whose head was Cacobau, chief of Bau, who styled himself king of Viti.

On the 20th of September, 1874, the Fijians formally and voluntarily ceded their islands to the English crown, and are now controlled by an effectively-organized colonial government. As hold-



ers of the land, the people live under a community system, the family being the true proprietary unit. Not infrequently, the family bears the name of its principal allotment of land. No matter how many individuals are included in the family community, the allotment is always held for their use and benefit, whether they be full birthright members or only strangers, admitted into the family to share its benefits for a time.

Quite differently, the political unit is the village, over which presides a native chief, as the head of the municipal council, and the special executive officers. Several villages, grouped into a district, form the next grade. Over this reigns a native governor, to whom report, once a month, the village chiefs, the superintendents of roads, bridges, public baths, and some other departments. Again, placed over the district rulers, are a number of higher chiefs, who, with certain special magistrates, and His Excellency the colonial governor, convene twice annually, as the great council, to report affairs and propose measures to Her Majesty's government. Thus the entire political structure is purely native and perfectly spontaneous. Frequently, the suggestions of the Fijian council have received the hearty commendation of the home government, both for the sterling sense and the executive capacity they reveal.

Notwithstanding the fact that Wesleyan missionaries began their labors in Fiji as early as 1835, the

natives were mostly atrocious man eaters not twenty years ago. Even King Tanao—father of ex-King Cacobau—who died so recently as 1852, delighted in the taste of human flesh. In fact, Fiji was the last known stronghold of cannibalism in the South Pacific. It may be said that the country generally, under Catholic and Wesleyan teaching, has accepted Christianity, but for many years prior to this change, Fiji life and religion were steeped in horrors. Doubtless their cannibalism grew out of the custom of offering human sacrifices to their gods, and these were probably the only occasions of indulgence in eating the flesh of the victims. But long ago the rite had engendered a morbid craving for human flesh, and to appease it every possible occasion was embraced.

Says H. S. Cooper, in "Coral Lands of the Pacific:" "Helpless strangers, thrown upon their shores by any fate, were nearly always killed and eaten. Widows were sacrificed at the death of their husbands, and slaves at the death of their masters. Upon the completion of a house, at receptions given to embassies from other tribes, numbers of devoted victims were slain."

In 1840, the period of Commodore Wilkes' voyage in the South Pacific, certain prisoners in the hands of the Fijians were fattened and roasted alive, at a feast in honor of one of their gods. Wilkes' description of the proceeding is graphic and too horrible to be transferred to our pages.

Mr. James Harding relates that, while on a visit to Na Drau, where he had aided in quelling a fierce cannibal outbreak, not long before, in the mountains of Viti Levu, he had an opportunity to examine a curious repository for the cannibal trophies of the tribe.

He found the interior thickly lined with tally-reeds, representing the number of victims eaten. When ten men had been killed, that number of reeds, in a bundle, were laid up under the roof, while for one person destroyed, single reeds were deposited. The four sides were about equally filled with the unique decorations. To count the reeds of one side and multiply by four, gave the shocking total—between four and five thousand! The Fijian of 1890 is not a generation removed from some of the blood-thirsty contributors to their tally-reed museum, which contained besides, many human skulls, thigh-bones, and clubs skillfully inlaid with human teeth.

A recent writer upon the Fijians and their customs, says, with an air of great satisfaction: "While the traveler sees, on all sides, traces of the old devil-worship of the islanders, he will yet observe that many of the traditions of heathenism, though dying hard, are fading away, while all that was good in them is being carefully adapted so as to be in harmony with the Christianity now professed." Instantly one is led to ask: Why should the "good things" of devil-worship be engrafted upon Chris-

tianity? Is not Christianity, without the slightest admixture of their old heathen worship, the very best thing in the form of religion that can be of-



NATIVE WORSHIPPING A POST.

ferred the advancing Fijians? Christianity, with the choicest of their former rites “carefully fitted into it,” is no longer Christianity. It is something else. Christianity needs nothing fitted into it to improve it, or to help it make its way.

In Fiji the Catholic Church—or any other that is adopting her plan—is making her old mistake, repeated in every attempt she has ever made to convert a heathen people, of allowing more or less of their old rites to be retained and mingled with the Christian worship. All history shows that such temporizing has resulted in failure. And it must

ever be so, since truth and error can never occupy the same ground at the same time. Heathenism and Christianity are not doing the same work in the world.

Fiji is now nominally a Christian land, but her people, just emerged from centuries of the most revolting cannibalism, can hardly be raised to a life of spirituality, nor become worshipers of the God who made the heavens and the earth; nor believers in the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour from sin, so long as they retain a vestige of forms that associate with their new faith the abominations of the past. They must forget the things which are behind.



FIJIAN PARROT.



## CHAPTER III.

### PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL PECULIARITIES.



SOME things are to be said in favor of the Fijians. Physically, they are a fine race, with a dark olive complexion and a countenance not lacking intelligence. The men will average five feet eight inches, while some of the chiefs exceed this standard. Faultless figures and pretty faces distinguish some of the women, when young, but these charms disappear early, and their loss is one of the prices they pay for the privilege of toiling inordinately for their dusky lords. In youth both men and women have a superb bearing, and are aware of it; and they are also quick to detect the lack of dignified carriage in strangers. We here cheerfully record the fact that during the cannibal era the women of Fiji were not allowed to partake of human flesh, and some of their priests, also, were restricted from eating it.

Hospitality is their virtue *par excellence*, and toward white men, especially, do they delight to exercise it, as a sort of homage paid to them perhaps because they perceive that the better ones among them are their superiors mentally and morally.

A Fijian is curious even to annoyance, while he does not seem to be particularly imitative. He will

watch one's proceedings with amazing patience. But the matter which elicits his highest wonder is the table arrangements of the Europeans and their mode of taking a meal. He will stand and eagerly observe the routine until the courses are completed and "thanks" are returned.

Deferring until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, is a prime accomplishment of the race. "I will think about that to-morrow," is ever on their lips. "A convenient season" for doing a thing is a period for which they are always on the look-out. This is not because they are either indolent or improvident—for of neither fault can they be judged guilty—but because after that easy fashion they have been brought up. Indeed, a Fijian householder has not attained his ideal until he has in store a supply more than sufficient for the daily requirements of his family, dependents, and wayfarers. Besides food, he must have mats, native cloth, and other needful property for all contingencies. Plenty to eat and plenty to give, constitutes ideal living for chief or commoner in Fiji.

While some tribes are termed fishing tribes, and others carpenter, or building tribes, the Fijians are distinctively an agricultural people. Husbandry commands their highest respect. It is said that rarely can there be found an aged man, or even a lad of twelve years, who does not, each year, cultivate his own plot of ground. And in some communities even the women have their own gardens. Their

implements for farming are "the ax and knife for cleaving purposes," and the omnipresent digging-



FAGRÆA BERTERIANA (FRUIT).

stick for treating the soil. Fijian skill in using the latter has led some of the white residents to pronounce it a rival of the plow.

Like numbers of the South Pacific peoples, the Fijians excel in canoe building. Besides the simple dug-out, common all over the island world, they construct an elaborate double canoe, which is braced together firmly by an extended upper deck, upon which a small house is erected. This craft

is frequently one hundred feet in length, with a hold six feet in depth, and may be propelled by sails or by oars. When using the latter, the rowers always stand. Such a boat will transport several tons of freight, and at least one hundred passengers. The canoes of princes, often elegantly ornamented with shells, carry immense white sails and fly royal streamers. They sail rapidly, and are extremely picturesque. "The Fiji sailors," says Cooper, "are now all Christians!"

The spot which serves for a home for anybody, among any people, is an object of interest. The Fijian home, therefore, shall next invite our pen, since from it will spring the influences which must conserve or destroy Fijian nationality in the South Sea. We shall find that almost universally the house consists of bamboo canes interwoven diagonally, and fastened to uprights made of the cocoanut tree. A cocoanut log forms the ridge-pole, which usually extends a foot or more beyond the ends of the building. The roof is thickly thatched with dried cocoanut leaves. In many instances the thatch is three feet in thickness. The interior, we see, is not very luxurious, but the floor is nicely carpeted with layers of mats, made of straw or reeds, skillfully manufactured by the natives. A platform is raised slightly at one end of the single room for the sleeping apartment. For table furniture—there are no tables—we notice only shallow, round bowls and oval platters, shaped from solid pieces

of wood, with cocoanut shells for drinking-cups. Ordinarily the Fijian's pillow is a section of bamboo resting upon two crutches, about four inches high, an appliance not the least suggestive of comfort, yet with head or neck upon it the native sleeps profoundly.

At Suva, in the island of Viti Levu, may be seen the house of a "lady chief," which is very attractive. Outside, the bamboos are woven in "lozenge-shaped" designs. The thatched roof is trimmed prettily along the eaves. Inside, the walls are tapestried with native cloth. The beams and door-posts are polished, and ornamented with rope of cocoanut fiber, or with sennit variously colored, while the floor is laid with fine white matting. The bed, raised about a foot from the floor, is curtained with mosquito netting.

In almost every Fijian village a school is established, and the inhabitants read, write, and keep accounts. Every day, under English rule, and through contact with the representatives of other civilized nations, the sphere of practical knowledge is extending. In the town of Bau, in 1882, the English tongue had been added to the course of study. In the earlier days, as now, accepting the testimony of Commodore Wilkes, marriage among the natives was celebrated with religious rites. The ceremony was brief and simple, and in some particulars much resembled that in our own country. The priest who was to conduct the service hav-



ing taken his seat, the bridegroom was placed on his right, and the bride on his left. He then invoked upon the bride the blessing and protection of the god who is interested in such cases, after which he led her to the bridegroom, united their hands, and enjoined them to love, honor, be faithful to, and die with each other. The last charge was an allusion to the dreadful rite of sacrificing widows at the death of their husbands. The marriage concluded, the wedding breakfast followed, and was probably, says Cooper, "as indigestible a meal as usually obtains with us"—meaning in England. Genuine courtships are the privilege of all ranks, although the daughter of a chief is sometimes engaged at a very early age. A maiden cannot marry without her brother's consent, even if she has secured that of her parents, whose assent is manifested by accepting the lover's presents.


A prince of the royal house in Fiji, unlike those of some monarchical countries, sometimes takes the liberty of selecting his own partner for life, as the subjoined bit of history shows. In 1879, Prince Joe, the youngest son of King Cacobau, took it into his head to marry a damsel of somewhat humble birth. The parents and friends of the young chief were desirous that he should wed the daughter of Chief Tui Suva, a young lady who was quite his equal in rank, liberally endowed with real estate, and herself quite smitten with Joe. But he remained true to his choice, and when unduly

urged by his friends, settled the matter by arranging a clandestine marriage, which fell little short of an elopement, but was a union of true affection. The old king was very irate at first, but in time relented, and, like a sensible man, forgave the couple, and to appease the relatives prepared them a sumptuous feast. Thus we see that human nature, in young people and old people, is much the same thing in half-benighted Fiji as elsewhere in the world.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF FIJI.

UCH of the soil of Fiji is volcanic, and is nowhere exceeded in fertility. Along the banks of the rivers lie thousands of acres of rich alluvial flats, rivaling in depth and richness of soil some of the famous valleys of Washington, and in that State, between Puget Sound and the Cascade Range, are districts overlaid with the most affluent soil to a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet; soil on which successive crops have been raised for half a century.

Nearly every product of the tropics, the world around, will thrive in Fiji, with but an attempt at cultivation. But cautious scientific authority asserts that, with the powers of the land fully developed, the annual value of different exports from the islands would amount to enormous sums. This affords us a slight hint of Fiji's future importance to England.

Among the many articles which may be cultivated abundantly and profitably in the rich river bottoms, in the fine loam of the hills, or in the volcanic *débris* of the table-lands, are: Rice, tea, coffee, sugarcane, oranges, bananas, yams, taro, the cocoanut, Indian-corn, cacao, tapioca, arrowroot, and the

pandanus, while the pineapple will flourish everywhere in Fiji. Some of these articles, indeed, require care and skill in their cultivation; but from most of them may lavish results be expected, if the planter but half does his work. Still, the more mechanical appliances he employs,—plow, pick, spade, hoe, drill, barrow, or grubber,—the more rapidly will he build his fortune.

Formerly, the forests of Fiji teemed with trees yielding oils, gums, resins, balsams, and perfumes, with fibrous plants, a dozen or more, and medicinal growths, enough to found a *materia medica*. In fact, Fiji is one of the most prolific drug-producing lands on the globe—a surprising state of things when it is remembered that the climate of the group is remarkably healthful; ague, malarious fevers, and other diseases common to tropical lands, are said to be almost unknown in the colony. Was it for this reason, do you suppose, that the native medicine-men studied the killing properties of plants, as well as their healing qualities? And is it for this reason that Fiji abounds with plants that are virulent poisons?

Generally, the medicine-men are attached to the chiefs, as body-guards or as ministers of their vengeance. Formerly, says Mr. Litton Forbes, one of them might have been seen one day prowling about some village. The next day he had disappeared. But suddenly, soon after, the chief, or some other head man of the place, had drooped and died. No

remarks were made, no questions were asked about the matter, lest the same fate should overtake the inquirers. There is also a class of persons in Fiji—usually women—answering to our “herb doctors,” who have a knowledge of certain plants possessed of remarkable healing properties, and no amount of reward can tempt them to disclose their name or habitat.

The sylvan wealth of the colony includes, also, timber trees of great value, some of them equal to the best pine of our Pacific Coast. The island of Vanua Levu yields a good article of caoutchouc, growing wild everywhere. Sandal-wood, almost priceless now, through prodigal cutting away of the trees, may be grown to any extent; while, with proper management, teak, ebony, mahogany, rosewood, gutta-percha, and the various ratoons, may be made to swell the export list of the islands. Cane lands are situated in all parts of the group, at the mouths and on the banks of the rivers, in the distant interior of Viti Levu, on Taviuni, Rabi, Ovalau, and Vanua Levu.

Then follow, among the spices, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, pepper, vanilla, pimento, and cinnamon, all articles of commercial importance and of world-wide use.

We have just referred to the extensive cane lands of Fiji. The reader need not be surprised to learn that in a land where wild canes thrive to admiration, the sugar-cane holds an important place, and that



much of the real wealth of Fiji lies in its present and possible sugar plantations. The healthy appearance, rapid growth, and large yield of this cane, are a wonder to planters from special sugar countries. Furthermore, the spontaneous production of cane-plants in these islands suggests interesting queries as to the original home of the sugar-cane. From time immemorial, and for purposes innumerable, it has been cultivated in these islands of the South Sea, and centuries ago was carried by the natives, in their long sea excursions, to the islands and countries of eastern tropical Asia. These facts lead planters to surmise that hereabouts may have been its starting-point. But careful botanical research only can settle the question. Meanwhile sagacious planters will not forget that, in their adaptability of soil and favorableness of climate, the Fijian Islands promise an exportation of sugar, millions of pounds sterling in value. But to secure such a finality, certain reforms in sugar cultivation must take place in Fiji. At present, on the ground of expediency, the plant is cut all the year round, not at the season—from September to December. Thus much of the cane is crushed when the sap is at its lowest, instead of its highest, density. A minimum amount of sugar is the result. The wet, warm season—the four months of winter—is the natural time for the cane to grow. Cut at the end of this season, instead of at the beginning, forces their growth into the cold period, insuring small returns.

Seven years ago over three thousand acres were under sugar cultivation in Fiji.



SCREW-PINE.

## CHAPTER V.

### OTHER PRODUCTS OF FIJI.



IN the new British Colony, also, are found large areas of land better adapted to growing coffee than any other tropical plant. These districts lie, chiefly, in the five larger islands. In the interior of Viti Levu, Vanua Levu, and Tavuni, especially, this shrub seems to attain perfection. Several estates, at these points, embrace large plantations of the berry. As an export, it is anticipated that coffee will rank next to sugar in quantity and value. The government, becoming interested, has sent large supplies of the fruit into central Viti Levu to plant coffee gardens for the natives. The coffee-plant is a sensitive shrub, especially disliking cold winds. And long ago, observant growers learned not to locate their plantations where the trade-winds could sweep over them, directly off the sea; or if they must be so situated, to protect them by planting dense thickets of hardy shrubbery on the windward side. Early in 1880 nearly two thousand acres were under coffee, and the estimated yield per acre was eight hundred weight.

Another important commodity which may be derived from Fiji, is cacao, from which our palatable beverage, chocolate, is made. The tree, though not

a native, may be easily grown in the islands, as experiments have proved. In 1878 over one thousand cacao trees were introduced into Viti Levu, which, in 1882, were flourishing encouragingly. From cacao are manufactured the delicious chocolate candies, so much prized, and the articles called chocolate nibs, chocolate shells, etc. In its native soil the tree obtains a height of sixteen or eighteen feet. From South America and the West Indies come the best varieties, and the largest importations to this country. Its name, *Theobroma cacao*, is derived from two Greek words, meaning a food for the gods, and was given by Linnæus in his high appreciation of chocolate as a beverage. The tree is smaller on plantations than in its native forests, and has large, smooth, glossy, oblong leaves, growing usually from the ends of the branches, but sometimes springing directly from the trunks of the trees. The flowers are small, and occur in clusters, out of which generally only one fruit-pod attains perfection. The pod is from seven to ten inches in length, and seven or eight inches in diameter; is hard, rough, and leather-like, and of a rich, purplish-yellow color. Inside, it is divided into five long compartments, filled, each, with a row of five or ten seeds, laid in a bed of soft pink, acid pulp. These seeds, from twenty to forty in number, are the cacao beans of commerce. For these beans the tree is cultivated, and from them is made our chocolate. Chocolate is not an infusion of cacao, as tea and coffee are infu-

sions. The total substance of the bean enters and nourishes the system.

Another product of immense value in South Sea commerce, and of almost unlimited usefulness to the inhabitants, is the cocoanut tree. So widely distributed is it that one can scarcely take up a work upon any portion of the region but he is impressed with the conspicuous part the cocoanut tree plays. With yams and taro it completes the staple articles of food for the people. Its trunk supports, and its leaves thatch, the roofs of their houses. Mats made of its leafy fiber carpet their floors, help form their beds, and close the open sides of their homes at night. The milk from the heart of the nut makes a refreshing drink. From the white kernel, dried, in which state it is called copra, is expressed the celebrated lubricating oil of commerce; and the refuse after the oil is secured, goes to enrich food for cattle. The thick fibrous coating of the nut takes on new form in ropes, cordage, and brushes.

The hollow leaves of its flower spathe yield a liquid which may be boiled down into sugar, or fermented and distilled into "arrack," a native drink, not without its intoxicating quality. The leaves themselves are plaited into baskets, fans, and various other articles.

The cocoanut palm is a beautiful tree, with a straight cylindrical trunk about two feet in diameter, and attains a height of from sixty to one hundred feet.



The leaf, often fifteen feet in length, has a strong midrib, from which branch long, acute leaflets, giving the crown of the tree a magnificent appearance. The small white flowers are arranged in a long, branching spike, wrapped in a hollow sheath. The fruit matures in bunches of ten to twenty nuts, which ripen at all times of the year, but require for the process, about twelve months after the blossoms fall. The tree begins to bear from the fifth to the seventh year, and will grow and bear for sixty years or more. It perfects an average of about sixty nuts annually. A tree in perfect condition will mature one hundred nuts. The cocoanut tree reaches its highest vigor on the margin of the sea, exposed to an animating sea breeze, and in a bed of little else than coral sand.

Like nearly everything else in the vegetable kingdom—because God has made so many things to live off others—the cocoanut tree has its enemies. In the island of Viti Levu particularly, a small caterpillar attaches itself to the under side of the beautiful leaves and feeds upon their tender parts. The result is, that the leaves are thereby weakened and are unable to perform their functions. Consequently, the tree, if it be not destroyed altogether, has less vitality, and can mature but little fruit, if, indeed, it bear at all. The worm has invaded other islands of the group, but in these parts its ravages are supposed to be kept in check by birds, which, in turn, prey upon it. A bird of Australia, the



laughing jackass, is known to be an incorrigible foe to the insect, and a number have already been imported to help the noble tree fight its battle.

The value of the lubricating oil mentioned, depends much upon success in drying the copra. The best copra makes the clearest and sweetest oil, and is obtained by drying the nut without breaking. For the purpose, the only requisite is a room or shed in which to stack the nuts. They must not be suffered to touch the ground, else they will not dry, but grow. So, they are piled upon a staging raised a trifle above the soil. The brown fibrous husk is not removed; were it removed, the eye in the end of the nut would immediately be opened by a sort of cockroach, thirsting for the milk inside. Thus air, too, would be admitted, and the kernel would begin to decay. With the nuts unpeeled and kept off the ground, the milk is evaporated in three months, and the kernel has a consistency like leather. In this state it will keep forever, unaffected by climate, moisture, or any other cause.

Another mode of drying, places the nuts in the sun. The copra thus made may be good, but never equal to that dried under shelter, simply because the water is expelled too rapidly, and the kernel is dried too suddenly, for the highest keeping quality, even with the nuts left whole. But the usual mode is to remove the coat, break the nut in halves, throw out the water, and lay the pieces in the sun—on the coral beach most frequently. In fine

weather, three days will accomplish the drying; but each night the fruit must be taken in and covered, and under no circumstances must it be exposed to a shower, as copra once wet is sure to mold.

A very singular fact in connection with the making of copra is this: Sometimes, when a quantity is in process of sun-drying, there occurs a season of damp, cloudy weather, which never fails to create mischief. To counteract this, the copra is placed on stages, under which fires are built, to facilitate the curing. Invariably in such cases the fruit breeds animalculæ, which, within a few months, will entirely consume it, together with any sound stock in the neighborhood.

One of the most astonishing facts connected with cocoanut life is the ability of the tree to reproduce itself. If the nuts be kept long, after full ripening, there forms in the inside, a white, sweet, spongy substance, at the inner end of the germ which lies opposite the three eyes, or apertures, in the sharpest end of the kernel, the rounder end being attached to the stalk. In time, this sponge-like matter absorbs the milk and fills the cavity. It then dissolves the solid kernel and combines it with its own substance. And finally the shell, instead of inclosing the kernel and its milk, embraces only a soft cellular mass. Now, while this wonderful operation is going on within the nut, there shoots forth, through one of the eyes in the shell, a single bud,

white in color, hard of texture. Advancing, it perforates the tough fibrous husk, rises some distance into the air, and then begins to unfold, light pale green leaves. Now, marvelous to relate, two thick white fibers, originating at the same point with the bud, begin to push away the stoppers from the other two eyes of the shell. They pierce the brown husk opposite the point where the bud went out, and begin to grow downward. In a little while they enter the ground, and quickly roots begin to form. The shell, too hard for knife to cut, and almost for saw to divide, will now, by an expansive power, produced within itself, burst asunder, and both husk and shell will gradually decay, forming a gentle manure for the nourishment of the new plant, which, still obeying the unseen laws that gave it being, strikes its roots deeper, and elevates its feathery crown, until it becomes an elegant and graceful tree, and a source of manifold blessing to man.

We can hardly dismiss the cocoanut tree without calling attention to the singular fibrous structure attached to the bark, at the foot of the leaf-stalk, and extending half way around the trunk, as well as two or three feet up the leaf, thus forming a bracing net-work for the support of the leaf, and holding it steadily to the trunk. In young trees this fabric is very white, transparent, and, in texture, as fine as silver paper. Sometimes two layers of the fibers cross each other and are cemented to-

gether by a peculiar adhesive substance. The length and evenness of the threads, their crossing at regular oblique angles, the thickness of the material, its extent of surface, and the curious manner in which the fibers are joined, give the texture a marked resemblance to cloth woven in looms. For this natural fabric the Fijians find many uses, as do the natives of other groups. In days gone by, the artless Society Islanders made shirts, coats, and jackets from this material.

We notice briefly one more interesting product of the Fijian forest. This is the candlenut, or Lauci tree, an object of notice anywhere on account of a white powder covering its leaves and young shoots. It is called the candlenut tree because the kernels of the nuts, threaded on a bit of split cane, or on the midrib of the palm leaf, are frequently substituted for candles. Fishermen, also, use them for light upon the sea at night. The fruit consists of a kernel within a hard shell like the cocoanut. The kernel adheres to the shell tenaciously, rendering it difficult to handle the product commercially. A pressure of twenty horsepower will extract from the nut sixty per cent of oil of fine quality. From the burnt shell is manufactured a kind of lamp-black, which, in Tahiti, is used for tatooing, and in Fiji for putting on war-paint, and printing patterns on tappa, the native cloth. In some parts of Fiji, the moment a baby is born, out rushes the nurse to the nearest Lauci

tree, plucks one of its fresh nuts, and squeezes the oil into the little stranger's throat, to enable him the more effectually to announce his arrival. This tree is common not only in the South Pacific, but in India, Central America, and the Molucca Islands. The nuts are edible, but eaten too freely are intoxicating.

Fibrous growths in Fiji are legion. Among them are plantains, a multitude. A variety found in every valley, elevated a few hundred feet above the sea, is said to be identical with that of the Philippine Islands from which manilla hemp is obtained.


Another sort, named Vundi Vula—white plantains—yields a clear, strong, white hemp, valued very highly. The hemp is obtained from the trunk, while the petioles of its leaves furnish a fiber so fine that the most delicate muslins may be woven of it. The preparation of these fibers by hand is a tedious and difficult process, and until the work can be performed by machinery, large exportation of them is impossible. The pineapple, and also the yaka, produce hemp fibers.

But among fibrous plants, the palm is due to the sea-island cotton, an article known to the world for its beauty. It secured gold medals at the centennial in Philadelphia, and at Paris two years later. Five thousand acres were in cotton in Fiji in 1882.



## CHAPTER VI.

### CORAL FORMATIONS OF THE PACIFIC.

 HE reader cannot have forgotten that we are in coral land, for in his ears have rung constantly the terms, "barrier-reefs," "fringing-reefs," "coral-sand," and much else of the like. He must naturally feel some curiosity in regard to the oft-mentioned subject. Therefore we improve a leisure hour to acquaint ourselves with these wonderful formations in the South Pacific.

The coral structures of the South Sea groups are the remarkable work of a minute aquatic—or water—animal, called polyparia. The body of the little being is usually round, with the mouth at one end, encircled with one or more series of tentacles. The polyp absorbs from the sea for its sustenance a great quantity of calcareous, or lime, matter, and constantly excretes this upon the bed of the ocean. Finally each little worker dies, but the shell it inhabited remains among the secretions. We suppose myraids of them are constantly dying. Therefore from their remains and their secretions, the bed of the ocean is ever receiving considerable additions. We know, too, that the skeletons—limy remains—of fishes also contribute to the accumulation. Thus, as the centuries roll away, are reared up, or rather settled down—for the work of



A COAST ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

the coral-builder is all done at a depth of not more than one hundred and twenty-five feet, and in water at a temperature not lower than sixty-eight degrees — islands and reefs many thousand square miles in extent.

Chemically, it is said, the coral reef consists almost entirely of carbonate of lime, in fact, is identical with ordinary limestone. And it is worthy of remark, that the ocean in the vicinity of the coral structures is deficient in lime salts, that element being constantly subtracted by the corallaria for the work of building. But observe, now, how the work of replenishing the ocean with these salts goes on. The broad currents of the sea, laden with calcareous matter from afar, are ever arriving over the coral beds, bringing fresh supplies. Thus is the "great and mighty sea" laid under tribute for the support of the infinitesimal polyp.

Some species of corallaria are compound, and capable of increasing to any extent. Some resemble leafless plants, and, indeed, are animals growing in plant-like form.

The distribution of the reef coral seems to depend upon the winter temperature of the ocean. They are not found in water colder than sixty-eight degrees. A distance of one thousand eight hundred miles either side of the equator limits their labors. And even within this boundary, no coral structures are found on the western coast of Africa, nor of South America. The paradise of the reef-builders is the Central Pacific Ocean.



Of the coral reefs there are three varieties, called, respectively, fringing-reefs, barrier-reefs, and atolls. Fringing-reefs are shallow-water reefs, reared next the land. Usually between them and the shore no deep water lies.

Barrier-reefs, like fringing-reefs, may encircle islands, or skirt the coasts of continents, but they are placed at a greater distance from the land, and between them and the shore deep-water channels intervene. Also, soundings taken near their seaward brink reveal profound depths of water, while soundings made near their landward verge show that they rest on a shelving bottom.

The most notable barrier-reefs on the globe are those which form the barrier on the southeast coast of Australia. They extend, with occasional openings, a distance of over one thousand miles, and at an average distance from the shore of twenty or thirty miles. The barrier is formed of a series of reefs with channels between them. The depth of the innermost channel, next the shore, varies from ten to sixty fathoms, while soundings at the outer verge of the entire reef give a depth of over one thousand feet.

Atolls are ring-reefs, oval or circular in form, and inclose a portion of the sea called a lagoon. Occasionally the ring is completed, but usually it is broken by one or more openings, and these always occur on the leeward or sheltered side of the atoll. In their formation, atolls are identical with *encir-*

*cling* barrier-reefs, differing from them only in the fact that the lagoon they inclose contains no island in the center. The extreme outward margin of the



ATOLL, OR RING-REEF.

atoll is the only part actually composed of living corallaria.

No coral-reef can begin to be formed on a sea bottom, covered by more than thirty fathoms of water. Still, barrier-reefs and atolls rise out of depths of from one hundred to one thousand fathoms. The profound researches of Mr. Darwin furnish a complete explanation of this apparent contradiction of facts. He has shown that the coral polyp works only upward; that it must have an abundance of pure aerated water; and that it flourishes in highest vigor on the extreme outer edge, and on the windward side of a reef, because on that side it receives its fresh supplies of lime-salts. These facts prove, beyond doubt, that the foundations on which the coral structures rest have long and



slowly been sinking into the depths of the ocean, instead of the structures rising from these depths. With the subsidence of these masses in the South Pacific, comes corresponding elevation of other parts of the globe, notably the western coast of South America, which forms the greatest volcanic chain in the world.

It has been observed that when submarine volcanoes are active, there sometimes follows a vast uplifting of the water, called a tidal wave, caused by a tremendous heaving of the bed of the ocean. This elevation of the foundations of the sea is felt all over the Pacific waters, north and south, east and west. Some of the atolls are demolished by it, and the fringed-reef islands are affected, while those defended by barrier-reefs are scarcely disturbed. One traveler writes that while sailing among the Fiji group, in May, 1877, a mighty tidal wave occurred, which swept away thousands of people on the atoll islands of the region, and caused great havoc among those protected by fringed reefs only. Some islands disappeared altogether. The same tidal wave struck with terrible destruction the western coast of South America. But in the Fiji group, particularly, the only effect was an unusually high tide, while in the Navigators' group, six hundred and thirty miles distant, the sea was covered with pumice-stone thrown up.

Fiji illustrates all the coral structures. The island of Koro has a fringing-reef, except on its western

side. Angau is encircled by a barrier-reef, which on two sides runs far from shore. The Argo reef forms an island twenty miles long, with a large lagoon in the center. It is a pleasing circumstance in connection with reef-building, that most of them have openings through which ocean craft may come and go, and that these apertures are almost always opposite valleys, down which flow streams of fresh water from the mountains. Moreover, near these breaches in the reefs, there grow, oftentimes, stately cocoanut trees, which serve as signals to guide fishermen into these fresh-water havens.

A beautiful sight to be witnessed at many points in the South Pacific is the dashing of the long lines of roaring billows upon the reefs. Approaching, they rise into lofty liquid arches, pause an instant in the radiant sunlight, and then, with loud and angry roar, go down before the coral obstruction, only to give place to another and another of the same gleaming, graceful formations.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A CANNIBAL OUTBREAK.



IN 1876, two years after England assumed sovereignty over Fiji, there occurred, in the island of Viti Levu, a fierce insurrection of certain cannibal tribes in the interior. Eager for a taste of human flesh, they had for some time been ready and anxious to dash down upon the unarmed Christians of the coast, to provide themselves material for their horrible man-eating feasts.

Receiving intimation of their intent, the governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, dispatched a commissioner to their district, to inquire into the matter. Mr. Carew learned that the wild highlanders believed that the measles epidemic, which, early in 1835, had swept away thousands of the native population, together with many white people, was a punishment sent by their gods, because so many of the Fijians had renounced their religion and embraced Christianity, and that it was evident an outbreak was imminent. It appeared that a native missionary, whether Wesleyan or Catholic we do not know, was urging Christianity among them against their wishes. Very wisely, Mr. Carew directed this missionary to leave the highlanders to themselves for a while, informing him that the English Government

SOUTH SEA ISLAND SCENERY (OPOA, RAIATIA).





expressly forbade any such attempts, but insisting that the tribes should obey the laws. He explained the supremacy of the English queen, and added emphasis to that, by saying that it would be easier to attempt to resist the mighty breakers on the shore than to baffle in any degree the kindly designs of the government toward the people.

Returning, Mr. Carew suggested to His Excellency a meeting of the cannibal chiefs, at which himself should preside, in the belief that a complete adjustment of the trouble might be effected. The advice was accepted; on January 5, 1876, the hostile leaders were convened, and the governor delivered a strong address, warning them of the sure consequences of revolt. All availed nothing. They could not, and would not, allow their island to be ceded to a Christian queen. They regarded with perfect contempt those natives who had become converted. They had been accustomed to sweep down upon the Christian villages, and, after murdering those who resisted, had imprisoned the remainder, reserving them for their cannibal carousals. They believed that under a Christian monarch Christians would certainly acquire control, and to the mountaineers this was gall and wormwood. So, with the spirit of liberty strong within them, they would resist.

In Viti Levu, the native Christian settlements extend from the coast far toward the mountains, and there are many localities where these and those of



the devoted devil-worshipers infringe upon each other. Sometimes the line of separation dips deeply toward the coast, sometimes it stretches up toward the mist-crowned peaks dimly seen as one sails along the shore. Not all the mountain people are cannibals, however; nor are all the towns of the plain Christian; nor, in this case, were all the cannibal towns disaffected. But this overlapping of territory had for years rendered it easy for the scornful man-eaters to capture victims for their brutal orgies. And not a few of Her Majesty's Fijian subjects have in a sense yielded up their lives for the sake of Christianity.

But the insurrection went on. The chiefs, with their retainers, swept around a strong camp of armed police stationed in the region, and, descending the Sigatoka River, attacked and burned several towns especially odious to them, slaying many innocent women and children, after a brave defense. The great chiefs of Viti Levu, anxious to show Governor Gordon their friendly spirit, now rallied their men and drove the insurgents back upon the police force near the hills, where, in two conflicts, they were seriously punished. This was in April. In May they suffered a more decisive overthrow. Once more Governor Gordon invited them to an interview. This was held at the fortified town, Nasauoko, situated in a fine elevated valley, lined around with mountain peaks, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above sea level.

At the conference, certain particular chiefs announced that they had confidence in the government, and intended to remain quiet. At this juncture, Mudu, chief of the Quali Mari tribe, declared himself to be of a different mind. He hated Christianity, and hated the government, and he had attended the meeting only in the hope that Kolikoli had called them together to concert for an immediate attack on the Christian camp at Nasaucoko. Upon another chief taking the same position, the meeting broke up in confusion.

Sir Arthur then returned to Nadi, on the west coast of Viti Levu, and thence went a three days' journey to Cuvu, in the southeast. While on the way, a village was burned, about a mile from where the governor and his party were taking supper, thus opening the rebellion in earnest. Now promptly did the executive call upon the great chiefs to bring forth their men for war. Pleased with his confidence, they came from every quarter, some from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by sea, and soon three forces were ready for the field.

To exaggerate the difficulties of the Fijian Government at this time would scarcely be possible. It had neither troops nor ships of war. For arms, the colony possessed only a few rifles, with some hundreds of old flint-locks and percussion Enfields. The New Zealand authorities, learning of the emergency, promptly came to the rescue, with a few

dozen Sniders, which were turned to the best possible account. And now appeared the wisdom of Sir Arthur's "native policy." The men required to quell the insurgents were called out by their chiefs, who led them, fed them, and manipulated them in native fashion, while the chiefs themselves were counseled and directed by the English officers.

The mountaineers were found in force at a village some fourteen miles from the town of Sigatoka. Before their stronghold was attacked, two brisk skirmishes took place, in both of which the cannibals were quickly driven back. Their village fort was now soon taken, whereupon they retired to their great stronghold, Montanivatu, located on a high rock densely covered with wood. The place was regarded as impregnable, for Fijian skill had most ably supplemented nature in strengthening the position. The firing of the Sniders, however, was too much for cannibal courage, particularly as the defenders were armed only with old breech-loading muskets. There occurred a brief hand-to-hand struggle, in which the formidable Fiji club played a conspicuous part, when the rock was scaled and the defense taken. Many prisoners were captured, and about fifty of the disaffected were slain; but the main body fled to other towns of the district. However, being promptly pursued, the most of them either surrendered to the Prince of Beimaui, or were captured. Among the latter were

the principal revolting chiefs, and also the leaders in the bloody attack on the Christian towns of Sigatoka River.

A portion of the prisoners were removed to the coast, while others were taken down the Sigatoka to the town of that name, and lodged in the "Bure," or devil-temple, still preserved in that village. As the insurgents filed in, with hands bound and countenances dejected, they appeared little like the proud Quali Mari of the hills. Their hair, in war-time massed up in stiff locks to give their heads a lion-like appearance, had been cut off, entirely changing their aspect. Their wives and children, bearing their household goods upon their backs, followed, with the native women who had attended the government force. All went to the same villages. No taunts were uttered, and no cruelty was shown to the prisoners or to their women. And they were cared for in the homes of the conquerors until the governor decided to let them return to the mountains.

A different fate awaited the murderers of the peaceful Sigatoka women and children. Thirty of them were tried before the deputy commissioner of Viti Levu, and found guilty of murder. The passing of sentence upon them being left to the governor, he decreed that fourteen only should suffer death, four by hanging, ten by shooting.

A second force of the cannibals, being hotly followed up by government troops, took shelter in a

series of caves in the hills, where, completely hemmed in, they were induced to surrender. This ended the conflict. Peace has reigned in Viti Levu ever since, and it is quite certain there will never be another cannibal outbreak in Her Majesty's new crown-colony.

One of the towns in the Sigatoka district had never been captured in any of the tribal fights, and was regarded by the cannibals as a sacred place. But now, when surrounded by the government force, the devil-worshippers consulted their chief priest as to the meaning of affairs. To his dispirited followers, he announced, from the top of a lofty rock, in the quiet of evening, the answer of the oracle, which was, "My house is not accustomed to be burned."

Friends and foes alike heard his words. And scarcely had his tones died away when there arose from the Christians surrounding the rock a great cry of, "Wait until to-morrow." The unexpected response seemed to strike terror into both priest and people, for during the night they evacuated the town, and on the morrow the devil-temple was committed to the flames.

Two singular, because very opposite, scenes are presented before an army in Fiji, just prior to battle. First, the chiefs invariably harangue their men in vigorous and eloquent terms. They walk in front of the lines, taunting and beseeching them, breaking out into tremendous leaps and bounds,



expressive of the activity they themselves intend to display, and inciting their followers to copy their example. This may be regarded, says one writer, as an appeal to the old savage nature, for when it is ended there occurs a better ceremony. A Christian teacher comes forward. All the troops kneel down with their faces to the earth. Then he pours forth a prayer for their success in battle. Some of these teachers—native teachers, no doubt—are not slow, it is said, to shoulder a rifle and go forth to conflict, and when it is over, some of them have to be reminded—by the English officers, probably—that their special duty is to care for the wounded and prevent cruelty to the vanquished.

Do not these observances before battle afford us an instance of what the author of "Coral Lands" considers the "wise fitting of the good things of the old heathenism" of the Fijians into the Christian ceremonies? If the prayers of the Christian teachers had as little effect upon the rank and file, during that short war, as they evidently had upon themselves, they were an idle ceremony, and the harangues of the chiefs answered every purpose.

It is related that Deputy Commissioner Gordon, who took the town of Bukutia, in which occurred the burning of the devil-temple just mentioned, had to set these native teachers an example of compassion, which, at first, they could scarcely comprehend. A little babe being carried upon its mother's back during the fight of the cannibals, was shot by

someone, the ball glancing across the child's stomach. The mother, supposing it to be dead, threw it down in her haste. Later, it was found to be alive, and the utmost care was taken of it. Finally the little thing fell asleep, and was tenderly wrapped in Mr. Gordon's cloak. The cannibals, however, failed to exhibit like humanity, for, having captured a teacher belonging to the British force, who, being short-sighted, inadvertantly walked into the rebel camp, they carried him off, killed, and ate him. His bones were found when the place was taken, shortly afterward.

The surrender of the cannibal chiefs was considered an event of importance second only to that of annexation, because it promised that cannibalism, infanticide, and club-law had ceased. To account for cannibalism has ever been an interesting question to travelers in the South Seas. Some reasons for it can certainly be assigned. The prime one was the scarcity of animal food before the entrance of Europeans. Poultry, pigs, and some other animals, now found there, are not indigenous to the islands. As a rule, the common people are forced vegetarians, and frequently tire of their diet, although the coast tribes sometimes vary their bill of fare with fish, and the hill tribes with snakes. The people say: "We eat yams until we are tired, and yet we are *kusima* [hungry for flesh]; but if we eat flesh, fish, or fowl, we are satisfied." In the M'bau dialect, there are four or five words which

signify hunger. This would indicate that famine must often have prevailed, since no M'bauan ever went hungry while other tribes had food which he could steal.

Possibly, too, cannibalism may have grown out of the belief, prevalent in Fiji, that by eating an enemy they absorbed his good qualities, if he was known to have any. Fijian mothers used, says Mr. Whet-  
ham, to rub the lips of their infants with the flesh of dead enemies who had been celebrated as heroes, believing that their courage would thus pass into their children, bravery being a quality the Fijian estimates highly.

A third theory presents religious duty, mingled with superstition, as the motive. Persons cast upon their islands by shipwreck, especially during famine, were considered a gift from the gods, and not to eat them was an act of impiety. But even if arriving in a time of plenty, still must they be eaten, since their very misfortune was evidence that they had provoked the anger of the gods. The fact, too, that all the implements used in the horrible ceremony were sacred and devoted to that one purpose only, would ascribe the custom to religion. Lastly, the root of cannibalism may have been a thirst for revenge. To kill an enemy was not sufficient; he must also be disgraced. Eating him humiliated not only himself but his entire tribe. And yet, paradoxical enough, there was one humiliation for a vanquished foe, greater than that of eating him.

*That* was the refusing to eat him. To cut up the body of an enemy, and throw the pieces away, as though it were not worth the trouble to cook him, was a token of undying hatred. Further still, it was the very height of revenge and insult, if he were cooked and then left in the oven,—a thing too loathsome to be touched.

Mr. Whetham relates that a young man belonging to one of the slave tribes of Fiji, asked one of his conquerors one day, who had eaten hundreds of men, if human flesh were really so delicious. The confirmed old man-eater replied, "Only because your chiefs have compassion on *you*, do you live." The traveler goes on, also, to give his impressions of the first real cannibal he ever saw: "He was very tall, and, if such a thing can be said of a black man, pale-looking. The eyes, the most remarkable feature of his face, were cold and glittering, with a far-off, stony look that was very peculiar. Poet-like, he always appeared to be thinking of something else, yet his gaze was the most unpoetical imaginable. He never smiled, not even when, pinching my arm, he expressed his sentiments toward me, but his eyes said all that was necessary."

And now it is Toussenel who says: "Let us pity the poor cannibal, and not blame him too severely. We, who boast of our refined, Christian civilization, murder men by tens of thousands from motives far less excusable than hunger. The crime lies, not in roasting our dead enemy, but in killing him when he wishes to live."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIJIAN TRADITIONS.



LEGEND, handed down from time beyond memory, pertains among the Fijians, which certainly has reference to the deluge, as have others to events in Jewish history. They relate that once, in ages far past, the sea came, suddenly, right over the land (Na Viti Levu), drowning all the inhabitants except a very small number, who escaped in a great canoe, and a few others who were gathering yaka—a fibrous plant from which the strongest fishing nets are made—on a high peak which the water did not cover. The canoe, they hold, had been built on an elevation far back from shore, but for what reason the legend does not state. When the inundation occurred, the fortunate men and women who were saved, got into and launched it, crushing several others in its descent. At one time it was a Fijian custom to launch a chief's canoe over prostrate human bodies. May not this custom have some relation to the crushing of men and women under the "great canoe"? Or has it reference to the passage of the great car of Juggernaut over its victims?

But the tradition continues: The women and children who were gathering yaka were reduced to great straits, having only salt water to drink; but



when at the last extremity, there appeared one who commanded them to follow him, and led them to a rock, which he smote with his stick, when out of it immediately flowed good water. Here the analogy to Moses and his rod is most evident. Finally, when the vast waters subsided, there were few people left to repopulate the land, and of animals, only the few little ones Fiji now has.

Benga, an island to the south of Viti Levu, is believed to be the place where the eight survivors of the flood landed. And tradition claims that upon Benga, the chief god, Udengi, first made his appearance. In virtue of that, the chiefs of that island take precedence of all other Fijian worthies.

Their idea of the creation is, that all men are descended from one parentage, the first-born being a Fijian; but most unluckily he misbehaved sadly, and thereafter found himself black, and with but little clothing. The next on the scene was the Tongan, possessed of better principles and consequently of a fairer complexion, and more clothing. Here, undoubtedly, there is an allusion to Cain and Abel, the ill-doing of the former, at whose door sin lay, and the upright life of the latter, to whose offering God had respect. But after the Tongan—natives of the Tonga Islands, east of Fiji, a remarkably intelligent race—were born the Papalagis, or white men, who did not sin, and therefore were “quite white, and were provided with many clothes.”

The Fijian has long firmly believed in a future

state, where the time would be spent in sailing, practicing at arms and amusements, and where all the fruits would abound. Their list of principal deities, or spirits, numbered ten or twelve, and the character attributed to them must have had little elevating influence upon their worshipers. One had eight arms, indicating mechanical skill; another had as many eyes, denoting wisdom; a third spat miracles; a fourth was miserably conditioned, being a leper. Then came one of epicurean tastes. He was fond of human brains, and, to gratify his appetite, large slaughters of the race sometimes took place. After these followed a long train of demi-gods, each commissioned with some specialty for or against mankind. True idolaters the Fijians never were, though they believed that certain trees, stones, birds, and fishes were the abodes of their deities, and therefore venerated these objects.

Mr. Cooper tells us that the rite of circumcision was once practiced among them, and says, "The custom supports the theory of a Jewish origin for the nation." It may be added that several times during this narrative we have mentioned usages as prevailing among the Fijians which point strongly to either a descent from the ancient Hebrew people, or to very close territorial relationship, with the exercise of vigorous Hebrew influence. Their laws regulating the allotment and alienation of the family lands, mentioned in a preceding chapter, may be cited as an instance.

Their peace-offering ritual, though complicated, was certainly very interesting, and many times availed to save life. The custom is now said to be dying out, both Catholic and Protestant missionaries having discountenanced it for years, on the ground that it had degenerated into a means of corruption to those whose favor was sought, rather than to signify the contrition of one who had offended. There was, first, the offering of a whale's tooth, always a propitiatory act, which availed for any offense, from stealing a yam to running away with a chief's wife. Second, there was the offering of a reed, more humiliating than the preceding, but itself far surpassed by that of a spear, which was offered with such an attitude of contrition and humiliation as to convey the idea that the suppliant deserved to be transfixed by a spear. The third offering was connected with war, and signified the cession of land or other property. Fourth, we have the presentation of ashes, but only in cases involving life. In this instance, the chief of the offender covers his own arms and breasts with ashes, and, with an air of profoundest abasement, entreats the life of the wrong-doer. Theoretically, and no doubt actually, there was much that was right in these ceremonies; but if now the freer forgiveness enjoined by the gospel has really superseded the perhaps reluctant pardon in old Fijian hearts, we may readily let the ancient rites pass away. And the more effectually the one does supersede the other, the better.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PAST AND PRESENT FUNERAL RITES.



DESCRIPTION of two funeral ceremonies which took place in Figi—Island of Taviuni—thirty-four years apart, will give our readers a good idea of the old pre-missionary ritual, and of the current Catholic rite, with the “good things of the old heathenism carefully fitted into it.” “A glorious contrast,” remarks a writer, who himself was in Figi but two years prior to the last observance we portray.

From the Rev. Mr. Williams’ minute account of the death and funeral of the Tui Cakau, king of Somo-Somo, Taviuni, of which he was an unwilling witness, we condense what we present you: “On being told, in the morning of August 24, that the king was dead, and that preparations were making for his interment, I could scarcely credit the report; but the ominous word ‘preparing,’ caused my immediate departure for the place. Yet my utmost speed failed to bring me to his house in time. I was too late to prevent death, so far as two women were concerned. The effect of the scene was overwhelming. Scores of deliberate murderers surrounded me. There was no confusion, no noise, only an unearthly, horrid stillness. Nature seemed to lend *her* aid to increase the dreadful effect. Not

a breath of air was stirring. The half-subdued light in the hall of death revealed every object with great distinctness. Everything was as motionless as sculpture, and there came over me the feeling that I myself was turning into a statue. To speak was impossible. I was unconscious that I breathed, and, against my will, I sank upon the floor, assuming the cowering posture of those who were not actually engaged in murder. I had happened to arrive during a hush, just at the crisis of death, and to that strange silence must be attributed my intense emotions; for, in fact, I was but too familiar with murders of this description.

“Occupying the middle of the large room were two groups on the floor, the central figure of each group being hidden by a large veil and supported in a sitting posture by several women. On either side of each veiled figure were eight or ten strong men, pulling in opposite directions on a white cord passed twice around the neck of the doomed one, who in a few minutes ceased to live. When my self-command began to return, the party farthest from me began to stir. The men slackened their hold, and the attendant women removed the heavy veiling, and made it into a couch for the poor victim.

“As the veil was lifted, some of the men present beheld the distorted features of a mother, in whose murder they had taken part, and smiled with satisfaction, as her body was laid out for decoration. Convulsive struggles on the part of the other poor



creature near me showed that she still lived. She was a stout woman, and some of the executioners jocosely invited those sitting near to have pity and help them. At length the attending women said, 'She is cold.' Then the fatal cord fell, and I saw that the obedient wife and unwearied attendant of the old king had been put to death.

"Leaving the women to adjust her hair, oil her body, cover her face with vermilion, and adorn her with flowers, I passed on to see the remains of the deceased Tui Cakau. To my astonishment I found him alive. He was weak, but quite conscious, and when he coughed, placed his hand upon his side as if in pain. Yet his chief wife and a male attendant were covering him with a thick coat of black powder, and were tying around his arms and legs a number of white scarfs fastened with rosettes, the long ends hanging by his side. A scarlet handkerchief, secured by a chaplet of small white coweries, turbaned his head. On his arms were circlets of the same shells. On his neck was an ivory necklace, made of long curved points. To complete his royal attire they had clothed him with a large new masi, the train of which was laid in a number of folds at his feet. No one displayed any real grief. This had given way to show and ceremony. The whole scene was a cruel mockery; a terrible tragedy; a masquerading of death; a decking, as if for the dance, of bodies intended for the grave.

"I had come hurriedly to ask the young king for

the life of the women. It now seemed my duty to demand that of his father. Yet, should I be successful, it would cause other murders when he should really pass away. Perplexed in thought, in deep gloom of mind, feeling my blood curdle, and the hair of my flesh stand up, I approached the young king with a feeling of abhorrence. He appeared greatly moved, put his arm around and embraced me, saying, 'See! the father of us two is dead.' This was uttered before I could speak. 'Dead!' I finally exclaimed in a tone of great surprise—'Dead! No!' 'Yes, yes,' he answered; 'his spirit is gone. You see his body move, but that he does unconsciously.'

"Knowing that it would be useless to dispute the point, I then told him that the chief object of myself and my colleague was to beg him to love us and prevent any more women being strangled, as he could render no benefit to his father by multiplying the dead. He replied: 'There are only two, but they shall suffice. Were not you missionaries here, we should make an end of all the women sitting around. Thereupon the queen, affecting great grief, exclaimed, 'Why is it that I am not strangled?' The young king replied: 'There is no one present of sufficiently high authority to suffocate you.'

"As preparations were now making to remove the bodies, we retired. In going out, I noticed an interesting-looking woman carrying a long bamboo,

in the top of which was about a pint of water. As the dead bodies were carried out of one door, she poured this water on the threshold of the one opposite. The bodies of the women were placed on either end of a canoe, while on the front deck lay the old king, attended by the queen and a servant, who kept the flies off him with a fan. Arrived at the grave, the shell ornaments were removed from his person; he was wrapped in mats, laid within the grave, and the earth heaped upon him. He was heard to cough after a considerable quantity had been thrown in."

On the coast of Vanua Levu, right opposite, resides a family which enjoys the privilege of furnishing a hale man to be buried with the king of Fiji, that he may go before and restrain the Fijian Cerberus. But on this great occasion no such man could be found. And the old chieftain was sent to meet the dangers of the gloomy path without even a club.

Next day began the custom of fasting until evening. This fast is observed ten or twenty days. Many persons made themselves "bald for the dead," some by removing the hair from the head only, others by trimming off the whiskers and beard as well. Women burnt their bodies, and orders were given to amputate one hundred fingers, but for some reason the horrible proceeding ceased at sixty. Each finger was inserted in a split reed and placed along the eaves of Tui Cakau's house. All this was to manifest grief for departed royalty.

But not even yet do the interesting demonstrations cease. A certain number of days are set apart for mourning for a dead chieftain. During this period the young men of the nation shout, dance, and otherwise make a general ado. The humbler class of women abstain from eating flesh or fish. For three months the chief wife of the departed does not touch food with her own hands. Miles of the coast are made sacred that none may fish there, and for a distance of six miles around, the nuts are consecrated. So, through privation, if in no other way, are, or were, the people of Fiji made sorry that a king had died.

Besides all this, numerous observances take place at stated intervals after the real funeral rites, one of the prettiest of which is the procession of women, each bearing a green basket of white sand, which they strew over the grave of the chief, singing, as they do so, a responsive chant, whose effect is as agreeable as it is solemn. But the final ceremony is the accomplishing some great work in honor of the departed, as the building of a fine canoe, the weaving of a bale of cloth, or the making an immense ball of sennit, and giving to the completed work the name of the dead ruler.

Many have been the instances in which numbers of women have been sacrificed at the death of a chief. In 1839, at Namena, in Fiji, there occurred a great massacre of the people, by some hostile tribe, I believe. Thereupon eighty women were

strangled, to bear the spirits of their murdered husbands company. Thus were there two massacres instead of one. When the Prince Ra Bithe, "the pride of Somo-Somo," was lost at sea, seventeen of his wives were sacrificed for his benefit. And when that detestable man-eater, old king Tanoa, died, five of his wives were sent to minister to his wants in the supposed active future state of the Fijians. To prevent the latter barbarous step, Sir Everard Home, commander of Her Majesty's ship *Calliope*, lingered about the Fijian group three months, waiting for the old man's demise; but as if not to be cheated of his proper honors, the noted cannibal lingered on the border of life until the *Calliope* was forced to leave. It has been said that Sir Everard Home would never suffer a cannibal to touch his quarter-deck, and that he steadily refused to give passage to one of King Cacobau's sons until positively assured that the young man had never tasted human flesh.

The funeral rites we have portrayed were held in 1845, ten years after missionary influence began in Fiji. Shall we now study the other picture?

On April 19, 1879, Tui Cakau, son of the prince at whose death-bed, or, rather, at whose burying alive, we have just been present, died, suddenly, on Taviuni. He had been on a visit to one of the neighboring islands, and upon his return complained of not feeling well, and, lying down for a little time, never rose again. He was one of the most power-



ful chiefs of the islands, and his death was a great shock. Tui Cakau was also the son-in-law and ally of King Cacobau, and when a distinguished chief dies, it is customary for the king to attend his funeral. Therefore on this occasion King Cacobau and the two princes, Abel and Joseph, embarked for Taviuni on board Her Majesty's ship *Cormorant*. He was attended by his chaplain, native police magistrate, and other officials, and, being an aged man, made most of the journey lying on his couch-chair of cane, and endured the trip well.

"Leaving Levuka," says the narrator, "in the morning, we reached Taviuni at dusk, and anchored a short distance from shore, just abreast of the town of Somo-Somo. The first sound which reached our ears was a succession of curious noises from the shore. They were produced by blowing upon large conch-shells by the wives of the late chief. This performance proved to be not very gratifying to Prince Joseph, Cacobau's second son, who had received his education in Sidney, Australia, and spoke English very well. Nevertheless, he was compelled by etiquette to sleep on shore, in a house specially set apart for royalty.

"Next day, with two friends, I landed to see something of the town and the island. The temperature was eighty-six degrees, so we strolled leisurely about the place, and the first dwelling we entered was that of the late chief. It was really but a large barn, exquisitely thatched, put together

remarkably well, and having four doors. The rafters were of bamboo, and the pillars supporting the sides, of cocoanut palm. Mats, woven of reeds, tapestried the lower walls, while large pieces of tappa—*native cloth*—divided the interior into two apartments. In one of these lay the chief, in his coffin, wrapped in numerous mats. On the ground in the other, sat his principal wife, the daughter of King Cacobau, fanning herself. She was a remarkably fine specimen of Fijian women, and, though she had been crying a good deal, looked really very nice. Her hair had just been cut off as a token of mourning, a step that detracted some from her beauty.

“Leaving the house of sorrow, we walked through the village, which stands in the midst of a large cocoanut grove, to witness the preparations for the feast of the morrow. Groups of natives were either scraping cocoanut to a powder, grating sugar-cane on old tin biscuit-boxes, dressing pigs, and preparing the holes in the ground for their roasting, or cutting the fins off turtles for cooking by the same mode. Also yams, taro, bread-fruit, and various plantains were in process of preparation. Troops of natives, marching in Indian file, were carrying these viands to the late chief's house, to present them to his widow. Each tribe, both in Taviuni and the neighboring islands, contributed its quota. Within a short distance of the house of woe, the tribes halted, formed in a body, and marched to within

twenty yards of the door, and sat down in a circle on the ground, with their donations placed before them. Then came out a member of the chief's household, who held a few moments' consultation with the leader of the company, and then returned to apprise the widow of the object of their visit. Immediately he brought to the party her gracious acceptance of their gifts, at which their pleasure was manifested by vigorous clapping of hands.

"Curiosity next led us to pass the residence where the royal relatives were domiciled during their stay. Here we saw piles of yams that were assuming hay-stack dimensions, and the number of turtles was astonishing. At midday we landed the marines and blue-jackets abreast of the ship, where were seated all the chiefs attending the funeral, and then marched them to that side of Tui Cakau's house nearest the place of interment, and lined the pathway from the dwelling to the grave. Slowly now filed out the procession. The Catholic priest led the way, accompanied by several black boys bearing candles, and dressed in red cassocks and white cottas. Following these was the coffin, borne by ten lusty natives, and then appeared the widow alone. Next was Her Majesty's representative, the lieutenant-governor of Fiji. Then came old King Cacobau with his retinue, and the attendant chiefs in order of their rank.

"Arrived at the last resting-place for the once most powerful chief in all Fiji, the Catholic service

for the dead was read, and the coffin was lowered into the grave, and wrapped nicely in the mats with which the place had previously been lined. Now three rounds of blank cartridge were fired over the silent chieftain, and then the procession solemnly moved homeward to the bugle march, followed by the marines and blue-jackets. More mourning with conch-shells came next, and then assembled the natives to drink kava, and to partake of the feast which terminates the ceremonies of a modern Fijian funeral."

In this last picture we see indeed a curious mingling of the old and the new. There is little that is distinctively Christian about it. The one omission over which one can heartily rejoice is the absence of human sacrifice; and that is a long step in advance.

The climate compels speedy interment in Fiji, and early in the morning after the demise of a chief his grave is dug. Two sextons do the work, with bamboo digging-sticks. The excavation is seldom more than three feet deep, and is always nicely lined with mats. Frequently, articles which the deceased greatly desired when living are interred with him. Thus it often happens that a poor commoner, who in life could not possess one mat, is buried with four or six. The funeral feast is supplied to an extravagant degree with baked meats.

"In the days before the majority of the natives became Christians," relates a writer, "there existed

no such thing as affection or care for the aged and infirm. The idea prevailed that one's condition in the future state would be almost exactly that in which death found him; hence the old often begged their children to strangle them before they had reached a state of total helplessness, a behest the young were not slow to obey. In fact, they did not always wait for that condition."

The island of Taviuni has been called the garden of Fiji, and merits the title. Taviuni is about twenty-five miles long, with a coast line of sixty miles. In form it is one vast cone, rising gradually to a central ridge over three thousand feet high. On this summit reposes a lovely little lake, supposed to occupy the crater of an extinct volcano. The southern extreme of Taviuni is the location of several nice residences, besides a school for young ladies, a good hotel, called the Masonic, and one or more prosperous stores. On its western side is the splendid sugar-cane plantation of a Mr. Hunter, nearly three hundred acres in extent. Upon it are his snug little residence and his extensive sugar factory, a very hive of industry at the sugar-making season. A number of English gentlemen have taken up their abode in Taviuni, several of whom possess large coffee, sugar, and coconut plantations.

The town of Wairiki adorns the northern verge of the island, and embraces an excellent store, with a comfortable Catholic Church and its schools.




Some miles beyond we come to the immense cocoanut plantation—seven hundred acres—belonging to a Mr. Peckham. His cattle pastures, in which are some fine animals, remind one of pleasant rural scenes in England. Mr. Peckham is the owner of a small island adjacent, where he has a fortune growing in coffee trees. Already has fruit from it brought unusual prices in the city by the Golden Gate.

Rain is so frequent in Taviuni that vegetation is simply exuberant, producing the most attractive scenes everywhere. In shadowy recesses of the forest, on this island, dwells the Kula, a brilliant species of paroquet, the bird whose clear scarlet feathers are so much prized by the Samoans and Tongans for ornamenting their mats. The pretty creature is extremely delicate, like the orange dove, and has never long survived removal from its native groves. The natives, who well understand its wants, succeed in keeping it in their homes. This is accomplished in cages of basket-work, with an opening at the top covered with a cocoanut shell. When the birds go to sleep, if there be more than one in a cage, they enter the cocoanut one by one. As many as four or five have been known to crowd into a single shell.

Fiji is a land distinguished for ferns, and Taviuni is the cream of Fiji in this respect.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CAPITAL OF FIJI.



O quickly, upon our arrival, did we leave Levuka, the capital of Fiji, for study in other parts of the group, that we really learned nothing about it. Let us now pass over from this island of Viti Levu to that of Ovalau, and get acquainted with the smart little town. On the way are several tiny islands, gems which look like miniature paradises. As we draw near to Ovalau, notice how exceedingly beautiful and romantic are some of its shore views. White villages climb the sloping hills almost from the water's edge, and look too quiet and peaceful to be part of a land with history and traditions so dark. And then how impressive is the noble background of steep heights, whose rocky peaks reach toward the sky fifteen hundred feet or more! The lower hills are clothed, to their very crowns, with luxuriant tropical foliage. Coffee and cotton plantations, and patches of the broad-leaved taro, flourish here and there. Flowering shrubs, lofty palms, cocoanut trees, and the pandanus adorn the valley and pinnacle.

Now we round a fantastic rock standing out from shore, and glide into the harbor of Levuka, inside the barrier-reef surrounding the island of Ovalau. Through this reef are two good entrances, named



BANYAN TREE.



respectively Levuka and Wakaya channels, the latter being the name of a small but very lovely island belonging to Dr. Brower, once United States Consul in Fiji. Notice on the hill-sides the homes of Levuka's thriving merchants, and the piers running out from the beach, the work of the ever-pushing Anglo-Saxon. On the south end of the beach is Nasova, where are the residences of the governor and his chief officers of state, their official places of business, and some other buildings. At the northern end of the town are the post-office, custom-house, the department of law, etc., and beyond these lies the old Levuka of the natives, a semi-circle of houses facing the beach. The rocky promontory you see right before us, divides the harbor into two portions, and is itself crowned with the courthouse. The whole scene is charming, and fairy-like by moonlight. A mountain torrent called Tatoga—river, perhaps—separates the native from the foreign Levuka.

You recall how we had to make the passage in "any sort of craft that offered," and that was a schooner! So we are not sorry to bid her good-by and get on shore. We have heard much about the ruffianism of the capital of Fiji, and are most agreeably surprised to find it as civil and orderly as any town of its size in the United States. Of course there live in Levuka some mortals of the vagrant type; but they are everywhere, except in Vineland, New Jersey, Westminster, California, and

the town where the Fairbanks scales are made, in Vermont. Still Levuka has the air of a civilized and educated community. Annexation to Great Britain claims a large share of the credit for the vast improvement made here and all over Fiji. Good and intelligent men and women are making their lives tell in the little capital, by aiding the missionaries in their work of uplifting, by sustaining schools and other institutions which always grow out of well-regulated community life. There is a plentiful supply of all articles in ordinary demand, groceries and dry goods being surprisingly cheap. Of shops and stores, hotels and boarding-houses, there is no lack. Milliners and dress-makers have found their way hither. A photographer reproduces the features of Briton or Fijian, and also keeps alive clocks and watches, being equally skillful at both trades; and so we might continue through the round of pursuits.

So wonderfully Babel-like is the town of Levuka that men of almost every tongue on earth are here, and yet are so fused into a law-abiding community that Levuka's criminal record is a marvel for its brevity. One writer questions if any town of the same size in the British Empire excels it in that regard.

The best church edifice in the capital is that of the Catholics, in which there is a peal of bells. The leading missionary of that denomination has been in Fiji thirty-five years. He is a member of the Marist order, and is a man highly esteemed by



all classes of citizens. The Catholics claimed, in 1882, a following of nine thousand communicants in the islands, a number said to be greatly exceeded by the Wesleyan membership. According to statistics of the latter body in the same year, they numbered, of churches, eight hundred and forty-one; European missionaries, ten; native ministers, forty-eight; the membership not given.

If we now take the broad path under the hills leading toward the southern extremity of the beach, we shall soon arrive at the English consulate, and, proceeding, we shall after a little find ourselves in a pretty little village, the chief house of which is the residence of King Cacobau, when he pays Levuka a visit, the royal home being, it will be remembered, on the island of Viti Levu. Going on a distance of two miles or so, we shall come upon a broad, deep stream, unbridged, and close at hand shall discover a small house, in which dwells a scholarly German gentleman, possessed of a mania for natural history. Here for a time he has hidden away from the world, to study nature's beautiful and curious works in the tropics. In his garden are aviaries, monkey-houses, and ponds for fish. Among his rarest things is an orange-colored dove, found upon only one small island of the group, and of so delicate a nature is it, that it has been found almost impossible to preserve one alive any length of time, if kept in confinement. The lovely bird subsists upon the berry of a certain tree, which, fortunately,

grows at one point or another of the island the whole year round. Deprived of these berries, the orange bird dies. So our student has them brought fresh every morning for his captive. So decided is the preference of the bird for its chosen food, that some ornithologist has said of it: "We shall never succeed in transplanting it until we import with it the tree to which it is so partial. Sunlight is essential to its life, and when caged, the least cold or wind soon kills it."

It is not a little remarkable, also, that the celebrated orange cowerie is found in the same island more frequently than on any other. To obtain this shell in a perfect state is most difficult, owing to the chiefs' wearing it as an ornament for the neck, in which case it is always pierced. Years ago, when orange coweries were in fashion, they commanded fabulous prices, and even now they are as high in the south seas as in London. Fijian shells seem to assemble themselves in certain localities. For instance, in one section of Viti Levu, one finds only tiger coweries; in another quarter, the spider shell abounds. Next, one may stumble upon quantities of the miter shell, or *mitra episcopalis*.

Bidding the bright-minded German good-afternoon, we will retrace our way to Levuka. Along the route and in the villages are going on no end of things which interest us. Here is a company preparing the ground for planting that distinguished

Fijian vegetable, the yam. The soil is thoroughly cleared, and now they are forming it into ridges, or wrinkles, like celery beds. Into these ridges, even distances apart, are set pieces of old yam, which in a short time begin to sprout, and in due time are ripened.



THE SUN-FISH.

Turn in any direction we choose, some deed or

thing arouses our curiosity, and we venture to accost everybody for information, just as we did a few years ago all over our own Pacific Coast. But let us hasten into town now, and after luncheon we will try the ascent of the hills north of Levuka. Meanwhile we will glance over a copy of *The Fijian Argus*, a weekly sheet whose pre-eminent duty seems to be to arraign the government for most of its doings. Its competitor in the newspaper field is *The Fijian Times*, bi-weekly, which espouses, it is said, the other side in administrative affairs. Another Levuka publication is *The Royal Gazette*, which appears monthly.

Proceeding up the stream which separates the native and foreign portions of Levuka, we soon reach the laundry-ground of the Fijian washerwomen, surrounded by croton-oil bushes. Both the croton and the castor-oil plants flourish in Fiji, but they are little used except for fences. Crossing the stream here, we begin the steep ascent to Turret Park, which, from below, looks like a veritable castle turret, with three distinct windows, about which ivy is creeping. But once on a level with the object, the illusion ceases, and there is found only a perpendicular, rounded mass, with every attractive feature fled. Our objective point is the summit of the hills; so we push on, up a path leading through a wilderness of fallen trees, beautiful creepers, and wonderful feathery ferns, until we attain the top, and stand amid a magnificence of

sylvan wealth surpassing anything we ever beheld.

Look at the beauty and the luxuriance! What *is* everything? Up this trunk strays a feathery vine with starry heads; here winds a gossamer fern until it is lost in myriad growths above our heads. Parasitic plants are interlaced in hopeless intricacy, woven together in slender, delicate lace-work, half stifling the fragile fronds around which they entwine. From the creamy-white blossoms of this tree with dark shining foliage, comes the delightful fragrance we breathe. The natives call it the damu-damu, and wear its flowers formed into necklaces and head-dresses. Notice the oval-shaped fruit on the high tree at our right. It is the very thing we have been eating daily in desserts at the hotel, and is the vapid Figian apple. Now observe the world of unobtrusive little plants, every one extremely beautiful, which mantle the ground beneath these proud, aspiring creepers. Glad are they if they catch, now and then, but a falling rain-drop, and an occasional glimpse of the lovely blue sky. But here is the finest thing in all nature, this arch of magnificent tree-ferns, whose wide-spreading, plume-like crowns form a canopy of emerald lace, through which we may look out upon the great sea, where now the sunlight showers floods of gold and flashes of changeful color.

See! how the nearest islands seem to float in the air, while those beyond are poised, verily, in the dreamy blue sky. But something in the whole



wonderful scene affects us unpleasantly. What *is* it? Observe that everything, from the frailest fern on these hills to the foamy spray in that coral reef, is wrapped in profound quiet. There is not breeze enough to move a blossom above us, or to assist the one sail of that canoe paddling leisurely into the harbor. But that is not all. Far, nor near, is there sight or sound of animal life, outside that little canoe, to gladden one's heart. How often is it so, notwithstanding all the fascinations of these South Sea lands! There is but a minimum of animal life anywhere. The valley landscapes are dumb. True, the parrot, or some other feathered creature in flashy dress, may startle us with its unfamiliar cry; but the sounds are not joyous. Could we but hear a robin pour fourth its melody from the heights of that Wi tree! Could a meadow-lark but pipe up from those tufts of scented grass, or some other of the glad songsters whose notes have charmed us from childhood, how quickly would those somber emotions take flight!

But the day is waning and we must hasten down from this eyrie. Our course, a little different from that pursued in coming up, discloses, at every step, floral and forest wealth that amazes us. We soon enter a deep glen, where, for a few moments, we stand speechless, surrounded by a myriad of tree-ferns, matchless for beauty, rivaling even the ever-graceful palm-tree. With stem erect as a chiseled pillar, the thick, fibrous bark studded with filmy

fernlets, and the stately crown of long feathers springing from the center, the tree-fern is one of the loveliest pieces of divine handiwork. Lower down we come to scattered native dwellings, and to plantations of the broad-leaved taro plants rising out of their watery beds. There are several kinds of taro, and this we now see is the *kurilagi*, and reminds us of a story, perfectly true, which connects this kind of taro with the sad fate of an entire Fijian tribe, in days long gone.

About three miles northeast of Namosi, in the island of Viti Levu, there dwelt a tribe known as the *Kai-na-loca*, which once gave great offense to the ruling chief of the district, and for this misdeed all its members were condemned to die. Every year the inmates of one house were to be baked and eaten; fire was to be applied to the empty dwelling, and the ground where it stood to be planted with *kurilagi*. The following year, the ripening of the taro was the signal for the destruction of another family and its residence, and the planting of another field of taro. Thus were sacrificed family after family, and house after house, until Chief Ratinbuna, father of the present ruler in Namosi, pardoned the few remaining, and suffered them to die a natural death.

We can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate creatures as they watched the maturing of the threatening taro. Their lives were forfeited, wherever they might go, throughout the dominions of

that powerful chief. And, in those days, to escape into the domain of other chiefs was but to speed their awful doom. No other course remained, therefore, but to watch, watch the hurrying growth of the kurilagi.

The taro beds behind us, we are soon out on the beach road, leading into the capital. But before we reach the stream up which our stroll begins, we come upon a prettily-matted house, belonging to Tui Levuka—king of Levuka—a fine-looking man, and a descendant of a great chief, of whom this story is told.

One day when out on the sea, about seven miles from Ovalau, the great canoe of the chief was upset and sank, leaving himself and his retinue of forty-six men struggling in the deep. As the boat went down, the men formed a circle around their chief, joined hands, and with their feet kept themselves afloat. Very soon the sharks began to gather about them, seizing and devouring one by one the defenders of Tui Levuka. When one dropped out, the others quickly joined hands over the gap thus made, while the chief continued to swim safely within the ever-diminishing circle. The sharks kept steadily at their work, and finally, when the company was rescued by another canoe, only twenty of the forty-six men survived. Either they were a rarely faithful retinue, or the knowledge that, should they land without their chief, they would at once become candidates for the oven, spurred them to duty.

We have been some time in Fiji, and have accumulated a world of information about the lovely country and its rapidly-improving people. But there remains vastly more to be seen and learned. It must be remembered that about eighty of the islands are inhabited. We have visited not even all of the principal ones. But in a few days we are to be off for the Samoan, or Navigators' Islands, in which the German, English, and American newspapers have been so interested of late years. So we must content ourselves, as to Fiji, with hurried runs to Vanua Levu, Vanua Balavu, and the island of Mango, where are the finest plantations of sea-island cotton.

Vanua Levu—Big Land—is the second largest island of the Fijian group. We shall have a delightful journey of it. The distance is ninety miles, and the craft in which we "take ship" is a fourteen-ton schooner—five passengers, and cargo nearly up to its utmost capacity. The cockroaches secured berths before ourselves, and are in possession below, therefore we must take the deck. Happily, to-morrow forenoon will see us entering Savu-Savu Bay, a harbor of noble proportions, on the southeast coast of Vanua Levu. The bay has a shore-line of forty miles, from point around to point. Eight miles of the northeast corner is landlocked, except the western side, and offers anchorage the safest possible, close in shore, for the largest ship. The entrance to the bay is a splendid passage over three

miles wide. Nearly around the bay stretches a line of hills, from seven hundred to three thousand feet in height, while between them and the water extends a belt of level country, from one to two miles broad, offering admirable village sites, and room for gardens for a large population.

Nothing can exceed the fertility of the land about the harbor. As in all these coral lands, vegetation of the most luxuriant kind reaches even to the sandy beach, forming a scene of wondrous beauty, to remain in the memory forever. But here, as in Ovalau, we are struck with the intense silence which pervades the whole scene. The narrow strait of Somo-Somo separates Vanua Levu from Taviuni, the island we visited to witness the funeral rites described in a preceding chapter. Vanua Levu is about one hundred and ten miles long by twenty-five miles broad, and is divided into three districts, under the sway of three "great chiefs."

The yam attains perfection on this island. It is a long, round, fibrous root, generally dark brown in color, with a rough skin, but remarkably sweet and farinaceous. The sunny banks of the valleys and the slopes of the lower hills are best adapted to its growth. For planting yams, the earth is arranged in terraces, overlaid with a thick coat of rich earth and leaves. The yams intended for planting are kept until they sprout, when each sprout is removed, with a portion of the yam about an inch long and



a quarter of an inch thick attached to it, the remainder of the root being reserved for eating. The detached pieces are carefully set in the terraces with the sprout upward, and lightly covered, first with leaves, then with mold. Yams keep longer out of the ground than any other South Pacific tuber, and make, therefore, excellent sea stock.

In the island of Kandavu is a lofty mountain, called Great Yam Hill. And in the city of Portland, Oregon, is a thoroughfare named Yam Hill Street. It has been said that yams, probably not the Fijian variety, were once cultivated in the latter vicinity.

We referred slightly to taro cultivation in our last chapter. Upon the raising of this tuber, also, the natives bestow great care. The taro is a large, solid root, oblong in shape, from nine to twelve inches long, and from five to six in diameter. The plant has no stalk. Its broad, heart-shaped leaves rise directly from the root, as do the leaves of a beet, and the flower is enveloped in a sheath. The tuber is best cultivated in marshy spots. It is generally baked, the skin being carefully scraped off with a knife, as is that from new potatoes. The tubers are solid, and look like mottled soap. They are very nutritive, but some Europeans have to learn to like them, and do not very speedily accomplish the feat. One writer says:—

“Speaking generally, there is no comparison, in

my opinion, between the fruits and vegetables of temperate latitudes and those of the tropics. I confessedly prefer the potatoes, cabbages, and asparagus, the apples, pears, and strawberries, of England or America to all the pineapples, bananas, grenadillos, yams, taro, and bread-fruit of lovely Polynesia. The exceptions I make are the lime and orange. These, in tropic lands are delicious."

Now we will pay a flying visit to Vanua Balavu, one hundred and thirty miles from Levuka. We make the trip by sail, but we have a fair wind, and shall scud along at a satisfying rate, and sometime to-morrow shall glide into the harbor of Loma-Loma. Vanua Balavu lies in the shape of a horse-shoe, and is the chief island of the eastern group of Fiji, called the Exploring Isles. On the way over we shall pass the little island of Chichia, the beautiful possession of one of the most agreeable and most hospitable planters in all Fijiland.

But here we are, safely in harbor, with the neat white dwellings of Loma-Loma springing into view. With this town and the island upon which it stands will long be associated the name of a man who, for some time after 1847, played a conspicuous part in Fijian history. This was Maafu, a royal relative of King George, ruler of the Tonga Islands, who exiled him at the above date, shrewdly concluding that the uneasy fellow's room was safer than his company. So Maafu came over to Fiji, and made his abode at Loma-Loma. It so happened that the

leading chief of the Leeward group and that of the Windward group, of Fiji, were then engaged in a hot strife. Maafu immediately espoused the cause of the weaker chief, defeated his enemies in battle, and soon became actual master of Vanua Balavu. Naturally this success engendered the idea of seizing the whole of Fiji, and the ambitious Tongan at once took measures to accomplish the project. But a British consul had not long before been appointed to Fiji, and he promptly put a stop to the usurper's proceedings.

However, everything comes to him who waits, and Maafu's day was not long in coming. In 1859 Fiji resembled some of the South American republics, in which revolutions have occurred as regularly as comes the Easter-tide. The chiefs in Vanua Levu had a difference, and their subjects prepared to extinguish each other. Hereupon Maafu was wide-awake. He sent friendly proposals to one of these chiefs, named Bete, and to his ally, Bua. The result was a triple alliance that enabled the alert Tongan to bring the larger part of Vanua Levu into subjection to his legions. Now this island acknowledged vassalage to King Cacobau, of Viti Levu, who by this time began to think the exile was going too fast, for he had already dispatched an expedition against the island of Benza, closely adjacent to Viti Levu. But, fortunately for the king's cause, the British consul had just returned from England, where he had presented an offer

from Cacobau, of the cession of Fiji to the queen's government. Believing the offer had been accepted, the consul straightway brought Maafu to a right mind by the presence of one of Her Majesty's war-ships.

At a later date, Maafu attempted to repeat his plotting, but again an English steamer interfered, and thereafter he had the good sense to conclude that fighting Fiji chiefs and fighting British troops were quite different undertakings. So he settled down at Loma-Loma, as the acknowledged chief of the Windward group, until about 1882, we believe, when his death occurred.

Maafu was not only a man of great ability but of advanced intelligence, and often, after the establishment of colonial rule, gave advice to the government upon native affairs. In the deed of cession to Great Britain, his signature follows that of King Cacobau. And now, among the white cottages of Loma-Loma, which we see as we sail in, is the attractive dwelling of Chief Maafu, amid extensive grounds, surrounded by a high reed fence, and shadowed by stately trees. Its interior is worthy the civilized Tongan, furnished, as it is, with chairs, tables, sofas, a French clock, and numerous other articles of comfort. The whole aspect of Loma-Loma is fresher, more refined, than that of most Fijian villages, clearly betokening Tongan influence.

The roadway on which Loma-Loma stands, shaded by palm and bread-fruit trees, and lined

with bananas, extends along the harbor a distance of ten miles, affording a delightful drive. The great hill is fairly covered with the graceful tree-fern, over which blue and white convolvuli hang in garlands. Beyond, lie some of the large cotton plantations for which Vanua Balavu was once so famous.

Mango, our last island in Fiji, decks the ocean fourteen miles south of Vanua Balavu. The island is nearly round, and is inclosed almost entirely by a coral reef. Its harbor is an excellent roadstead for men-of-war and other large craft. Unmistakably, it is of volcanic origin, for its interior is a basin like the crater of an extinct volcano, while the coast line is a circle of high hills. The island was purchased in 1863 by two gentlemen who determined to cultivate it in cotton, and for many years it has been devoted to that staple, the estate forming the oldest of its kind in Fiji, some which preceded it having ceased to exist. The area of Mango is eight thousand acres. In 1882, seven hundred acres were growing sea-island cotton of finest quality; and but for the disastrous check to the pursuit, caused by the closing of French factories during the war with Prussia, a much larger area would be under the plant. The seed which started the Mango cotton came from our Southern States, and both in Philadelphia and Paris received the premium over the Southern cotton.

The Mango trees are perennial, have a highly



cultivated appearance, and yield two crops annually, the amount, on an average, being eight hundred pounds "in seed" to the acre,—a wonderful success. Besides the cotton, there are many hundred acres in Mango set to coffee—a superior article. Also a vast space is reserved for corn, for bananas, bread-fruit, and lime plantations, the cultivation of the latter being a pre-eminent feature in the island. Finally, the vast interior of Mango, its amphitheater, is studded with cocoanuts, from which are manufactured many tons of copra per annum. The seed of the sea-island cotton is also exported in quantities to London, whence, it is said, it returns to Fiji "as the finest Lucca oil"! The island of Mango is bountifully watered.

Bidding farewell to this little brilliant among Fijian gems, we run back to Levuka, whence, after a day spent on the Rewa, Viti Levu's largest river, we lay our course toward Samoa. "The Noble Rewa" is the longest stream in Fiji, navigable ninety-one miles. It pours into the sea by four mouths, forming fertile deltas, which are highly cultivated. A great wonder of one of these deltas is a canal, two miles long and sixty feet wide, admitting the largest canoes. Tradition makes the passage a work accomplished long ago, by native engineers, for military purposes. Considering the implements with which the work must have been done—sticks for loosening the earth, hands instead of shovels, baskets in place of wheelbarrows and carts—the

channel must be regarded as a masterpiece of patient toil. Indeed, it would seem to be a relic of a civilization long by-gone.

At Navuso, twelve miles from its mouth, the Rewa receives the waters of the Wai Manu, itself navigable a distance of ten miles. Thus does the inland navigation of these two streams equal one hundred miles. On account of the richness of the forests and the ever-changing surface, the country along the Rewa is very beautiful. The whole district is a rich field for geological study, while at some points the vegetation surpasses anything to be conceived, thus is it equally inviting to the botanist. Approaching the mountain region, the sublimity of the scenery is unparalleled in the islands.


In the vicinity of the Rewa are extensive peanut plantations, the fruit being regularly exported to Australia and New Zealand. Rewa sugar finds a ready market. Its deltas produce sand-flies and mosquitoes by the tons, but these have not yet become an article of export.



LOPAPHUS COCCOPHAGUS, OR COCOA EATING LOPAPHUS.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

BOUT six hundred miles northeast of Levuka is the Samoan or Navigators' group of islands, scarcely second in importance to any archipelago in Western Polynesia. Except by occasional war-ships, there is no steam communication between Fiji and Samoa; so once more we accept the accommodations of a sailing-vessel, and proceed to make ourselves comfortable for a week's voyage. We are barely on our way before we discover that our captain possesses true courtesy, kindness of heart, and a jovial manner quite peculiar to himself. These traits insure us a delightful trip, all the little incidents of which we pass over, to say that one morning we awakened to find ourselves in the most perfect landlocked harbor in the South Seas; we need not except the safe roadstead of lovely Mango Island. This is the Bay of Apia, on the northwestern side of the island of Upolo, containing, according to the survey of Commodore Wilkes, five hundred and sixty square miles.

The Samoan group embraces three principal islands—Savaii, Upolo, and Tutuila—with from five to seven smaller bodies, all inhabited by a popula-

BAY OF APIA—UPOLO ISLAND, SAMOA.





tion of about forty thousand souls, and containing a total area of about three thousand square miles. The group lies in the direct route of the Oceanic line of steamers from San Francisco to Sidney, Australia, after they leave Honolulu, and is twenty-two hundred miles from the latter place, and forty-three hundred from San Francisco *via* the Sandwich Islands. The position of these most interesting islands has been known since 1722. From that date down to 1830, when the London Missionary Society founded a mission among them, they have been visited by navigators of many lands. The missionaries found the inhabitants a gentle and peaceable race, possessing none of the terrible traits of the Fijians.

The steamers of the Oceanic line pass through the group, not stopping, but merely "slowing down," off the island of Tutuila, sufficiently to transfer European and American mail matter to the cutter which transports it to Apia.

Savaii, the largest and most western of the group, is forty miles long and twenty miles wide. Beginning with a low shore, it rises gradually to the center, where are to be seen several craters of extinct volcanoes, establishing the origin of the island. Its highest points are cloud-enveloped and seldom seen. A Mr. Whitmee states that he ascended one of these peaks and found it to be by aneroid measurement four thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the sea. Never so populous as the other isl-



ands, its inhabitants were the last to become Christians.

Ten miles southeastward of Savaii is the beautiful island of Upolo, forty miles long, thirteen miles wide, and for some reasons the most important of the group. It, too, shows craters of dead volcanoes, three of which have been changed into lakes of great depth and beauty, and are unknown except to those bold enough and strong enough, to climb steep mountain trails, through trackless tropical growths.

Before we came hither we had certainly seen something of the exquisite beauty of the South Pacific Islands; but we were not prepared for the magnificent scene which met our eyes when we awakened in the Bay of Apia. A vast semi-circular body of the purest blue water—water so transparent that we could look over the ship's side and distinctly see the many-hued coral grottoes, fathoms below, and bright-tinted fish darting hither and thither—lay spread out before us. Stretching from point to point, with an opening just large enough to allow ships to easily enter, was the coral reef completely protecting the smooth anchorage. Over this reef the surf was dashing as high as the foreyard of the vessel. On one side rose the headland of Mulinuu on the west; on the other, the low, sandy point of Matautu on the east. The whole lovely expanse was alive with dug-outs and canoes with out-riggers. All around the curve

runs the beach of coralline sand, fringed with stately cocoa-palms, while floating off to us came powerful odors from many aromatic flowers, compelling us to confess, "This place is nature's best. This is the perfection of God's earthly work."

The outfall of two rivers divides the Bay of Apia into three parts. In the center stands the town of Apia—one long straggling street along the beach with houses on both sides. On higher ground is the Catholic cathedral, the dwellings of the bishops and clergy, the Wesleyan chapel, the British consulate, and a fine hotel called "The Pacific Stores." On Point Mulinuu are the American and German consulates, a few stores, and a ship-yard. At Matautu are several stores, and a native village, which, charmingly planted in a grove of cocoa palms, and sheltered by oranges, limes, bananas, and bread-fruit trees, boasts the residence of the king of Samoa. Here from time immemorial have lived and ruled the monarchs of this people.

The climate of the Samoan group is mild and agreeable, though in the wet season much more rain falls than in Fiji. The average temperature ranges from seventy to eighty degrees, but there is a constant sea-breeze. From December to March rain falls copiously. June and July are the coolest months, but there is really little variation of temperature. March is considered the most boisterous season, but sometimes gales occur in January and February, affecting great destruction of property

and loss of life even in the sheltered Bay of Apia. But on this subject we shall have more to say further on.

The author of "Coral Lands" pronounces Samoa "one of the healthiest places on earth," and says, "The only drawback which the group possesses is the presence of elephantiasis"—a terrible disease of the skin, attended with the destruction or deformity of the part affected. Foreign residents are not exempt from it, though rarely is one attacked until after a residence of twelve years or more in the islands. Elephantiasis is most prevalent in the low-lying districts, the inhabitants of the little island of Annu'u being entirely free from the scourge. Excessive kava drinking aggravates the trouble, and, indeed, it may safely be said that, of the few diseases which obtain in the Pacific, all, with the exception of elephantiasis, are due in great measure to over-indulgence in intoxicating stimulants of inferior manufacture, or to "native grog." For the malady of which we are writing, quinine is said to be an excellent remedy.

As a race, the Samoans are far superior to the average Fijian. The men are tall, handsome, and light brown in color, many of them being not so dark as are some Italians and Spaniards. Harvey W. Whitaker says of them, in the *Century Magazine*: "In color the Samoans are the lightest, in physique the most perfect and imposing, as well as the most graceful, of South Sea peoples. In dispo-

sition they are the most gentle, and in manners the most attractive, while mentally and morally they much surpass their neighbors." They are very sprightly, truthful, hospitable, and always, among themselves or in the company of foreigners, are exceedingly polite and kind. They are peace-loving and generous almost to a fault. Inferior persons, women, and children, are never put to death, as aforetime by the Fijians. Women are treated with the highest respect, while children are regarded with an affection amounting almost to extravagance.

The people of Samoa have never been cannibals; never have had a thirst for human blood. So far otherwise have they been that all their traditions give evidence of most excellent and merciful laws, and of careful provision for saving lives imperiled by accident or by unintentional misdeed. As among the early Hebrews, places of refuge were provided for such unfortunates as might have incurred the vengeance of another. And there was a plan of public reconciliation, whereby a man's life could be saved, even when justly forfeited. These provisions carry us right back to similar institutions among the Fijians, and strongly suggest a common parentage for both peoples, leaving the eventual great divergence in customs and disposition to be accounted for by a longer absence from the native soil, and by centuries of life under different circumstances and influences. Some harmful process, a

long struggle with enemies, perhaps, converted the Fijian into a monster of cruelty, left him sunken in barbarism, while happier conditions may have preserved to the Samoan all his rich affections, his tenderer, more affable ways. his nobler thoughts and views.

It is a fact that to-day both peoples, notwithstanding the influence of Christianity, to which they have been more or less subject for about half a century, live under the constant fear and dread of the power and influence of their old deities, inducing them to perform strange acts of heathenism. This is another argument in favor of a common ancestry. The Samoans have received Christianity more readily than the Fijians, perhaps. And yet the latter surprise us in this respect. With the exception of the mountain cannibals, the race seems to have invited not only English sovereignty but with it the Christian religion. By this we mean that the Fijians generally have accepted its outward forms and have been affected somewhat by its humane teachings; but of the true spirit and power of Christianity most of them know very little. Neither they nor the Samoans have ever been image or idol-worshippers.

It is a pleasant fact that in war the persons of non-combatants are always respected in Samoa. The following little incident illustrates the point: There was once a little brush between the natives of Upolo and the sailors of the English ship *Barraconta*.



During the action a lieutenant of the steamer, with the usual naval coolness, crossed the open space at Mulunuu. "Why didn't you shoot him?" was asked of Admiral Sotomi, who commanded the native force and who related the incident. He replied: "Why should we hit *him*? He didn't fire at us. We aimed only at those who aimed at us."

The Samoans have suffered much from internal wars, but generally they have been forced into conflict by unprincipled and selfish foreigners, whose proceedings in these islands should long ago have called forth the interference of the civilized powers. Indeed, they have but recently passed through an experience of this nature, in which the United States Government was enabled, through its influence, and the presence of its war-ships in the Bay of Apia, to render this excellent people most effective aid and service.

Touching this point, one writer observes: It is a disgrace to this age of boasted material progress, that the greatest material advancement made by the Samoans since their first acquaintance with civilized man, some sixty years ago, is their increased knowledge of rifles and gunpowder. It is the verdict of those most conversant with the South Pacific peoples, that but three other groups can boast of inhabitants as well conducted as are the Samoans. These are the Hervey, Austral, and Union groups, whose natives, until visited by white men, were altogether without weapons of offense.

There is great diversity of opinion with respect to the language of Samoa. One writer declares it is the easiest to acquire and the most musical he ever heard, and he had been long accustomed to the Fijian tongue. Another says, "It is soft and liquid but not musical, although sometimes called the Italian of the Pacific." It appears that a knowledge of it, sufficient for ordinary requirement, may be readily gained; but, being a language of idioms, years of study are said to be necessary to acquire sufficient command of it for purposes of oratory. Every syllable ends with a vowel, and the accent is always on the last syllable but one. The meaning of many words is varied by changing the pronunciation. The chiefs have a dialect of their own, and there are many words which must be used only in addressing a chief. If other words are employed, it is equivalent to an insult. Even the names of the different parts of a chief's body are not the same as are given to those of the common people. For example, a chief's stomach is "alo;" that of a common person is "manava."

Hospitality, like politeness, is a very distinguishing characteristic of the Samoan people. Food and shelter are freely granted to everyone entering their homes, or villages, and strangers have but to consult their own wishes as to their departure. Every village provides a guest-house, for the reception, lodging, and entertainment of visitors. This structure usually stands in the middle of the village, and

serves, also, as a council-house, where chief and people meet to discuss public affairs. When it is understood by some community that foreigners, or visitors from other villages, are about to pay a visit, they are frequently met a considerable distance on the way and accompanied into town, where they are received by the chief and the maiden who is to look after their welfare.

In these instances there is always some preliminary conversation, during which the compliments of the day are exchanged, intermingled with a lavish use of personal flattery. Meantime the villagers, advised of the arrival of the guests, assemble in another quarter, bringing articles of food. When all is in readiness, they form a procession and march toward the guest-house, singing as they go. Boys and girls, old and young, their persons anointed with cocoanut oil, and arrayed in scanty toilets of leaves and flowers, join in the demonstration of welcome. The music of their well-attuned voices, first heard faintly in the distance, but increasing in volume and sweetness as they approach, charms and deeply impresses the strangers. The latter, meanwhile, have remained seated and silent, as if unconscious of what is going on, and preserve a wonderful solemnity, as each villager, with salutations of inimitable gracefulness, modestly places his offering at the feet of the most honored one. On some of these occasions the food, consisting of pigs, fruits, and fish, is presented in quantities sufficient

to sustain a visiting party for days or weeks. This is certainly quite different from going to a hotel, silently and alone, and paying your board at the rate of three dollars a day. But who does not recognize in that practice of sending out delegations to meet the coming guests, one of our own most charming and grateful customs? Few attentions can be more delightful to a visitor than to be greeted cordially at the gateway of a friend's house, or to have the door opened to admit him before his hand is on the door-bell. These are but little deeds, but they bring a deal of sunshine into the heart.

The Samoans are a joyous and fun-loving people, and daily indulge their buoyant natures in singing and dancing, the latter pleasure being one in which all ages and classes freely share. One quickly feels at home among them, so gentle, and friendly, and ingenuous are they. Often, as one passes along the street, he is greeted, in the soft idiom of the language, with the expression, "My love to you." And when one is about to retire at night, instead of telling him to "go to bed," as does the Fijian, the Samoan says, gracefully, "My love," as he bows him to his couch.

Never does a stranger visit Apia but that he is invited to indulge in a jaunt to Papaassaa, a fall of water about three miles distant, tumbling over a smooth rock some eighteen feet in height, where he is introduced to the novelties of a Samoan picnic, in reality a day's frolic in the water. Usually, the trip is decided upon several days previously, in

order that an ample supply of refreshments, cooked in the South Sea fashion—with hot stones, in the ground—may be prepared, and sent forward early in the morning.

About eight o'clock, while the dew is still on the leaves, dusky maidens, resplendent with cocoanut oil, and attired in wreaths of bright flowers, assemble with the young men and the invited guests, preparatory to the march. Then, shouting, laughing, and singing, they trip lightly along the path leading to the fall. No sooner do they arrive than one after another springs eagerly into the clear pool at the base of the fall, diving and splashing in the water, and sending forth peals of laughter that make the valley ring with music. The greatest feat of the day, and one which fairly takes one's breath away, is the going above the rocks over which the stream flows, and, three or four being seated side by side, sliding over the edge of the fall, at an angle of forty-five degrees, into the pool below. The sensation produced by the swift plunge is indescribable, and must be experienced to be appreciated. After a few hours spent in these water sports, a diversion is made to partake of dinner, which is served upon banana leaves instead of plates, and handled with fingers instead of forks. Then all return to their amusements until time to seek their homes.

The young people, also the elderly, are always laughing and talking, and the flow of their words, in a protracted conversation, is something astonish-



ing. Altogether they lead a happy life. Toil they need not; unasked the earth yields them her treasures. They bask in sunshine, clothe themselves with leaves and flowers, and extract out of the days the largest amount of pleasure they possibly can. They are not moral as a race, yet some of them are a credit to the missionaries who have taught them. They are fond of religious services and are steady church-goers. "But," says one who studied them closely, "I sometimes think that, with the majority, Christianity is like Jonah's gourd, as much is lost at night as is gained during the day." They are a superstitious people, and seldom go out after nightfall, if there be no moon; nor will they walk far through a wood of a dark night. And if out hunting during the day, they are sure to be at home in full daylight; because, roaming around in the twilight shadows, are "too much devils."

We have had a glimpse at the recreations of the merry Samoans, shall we not now glance at their industries? Aside from fishing, planting taro, collecting copra, and cultivating fruit, their main occupation is the making of tappa, a cloth woven of the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree. But since the introduction among them of cotton prints from Europe, its manufacture is constantly decreasing. Now here is a roll of this cloth. You see it is composed of numerous pieces, glued together with arrow-root paste until its length is over one hundred feet, and its width about eighteen feet. The weavers are the elderly women, who, indeed, make

all the tappa and ornament it in stripes, squares, triangles, or any figure they wish, with dyes of their own making, from the many dye-barks yielded by the trees of the forests. Certain colors and designs are appropriated to the great chiefs, and are never used by the humbler class. Before the introduction of gorgeously-colored prints, a piece of tappa a yard square, worn about the loins and called a "lava-lava," formed the total wardrobe of the natives.

We must not fail to see a specimen of the mats fabricated by these people, and so much talked about by every intelligent visitor to the islands. Like tappa, they are fabricated from the fiber of the paper mulberry. They are considered the most valuable of Samoan possessions. Years are frequently consumed in making them, and they are handed down from generation to generation. One of the best quality is as fine and soft as linen, and usually is trimmed with the scarlet feathers of the parraquet, native to Fiji, a bird highly valued by the Samoans. It often happens that the people flock into Apia from the surrounding country, and even from adjoining islands, and, as they like to make as fine a display as possible, one often sees, in the picturesque processions they form, some of the finest and most beautiful of these priceless mats draping the persons of the visitors.


Most of these articles are heir-looms, having interesting histories, and can never be disposed of without the consent of the heads of the families to

which they belong, and sometimes even of the government. The greater their age, the higher their value. And it happens not rarely that one of them, much worn, full of holes, and utterly worthless, would not be sold for its weight in gold. This strained value is sometimes a source of annoyance to the white authorities, because, often, when a native has been fined, owes money, or cannot pay his taxes, he will bring as payment one of these mats, which to him are priceless, but are not worth a farthing to anyone else; and it is difficult to make him understand how unsatisfactory his treasure is.

Why these mats should increase in value, according to the number of holes burnt in them, is incomprehensible to us, but it is a fact that cannot be disproved. At dances, and on certain state occasions, the Samoans wear another sort of mat, beautifully woven from a species of flax. This article has a rough, shaggy texture, and after repeated washings and bleachings becomes exceedingly white. There have been occasions when a chief has, under the following circumstances, made a gift of valuable mats. For head-dresses for the chiefs it is indispensable to have hair of the proper color—a golden shade. Whenever a young girl is found possessing hair of this hue, her head is tabooed by some chief; that is, she is forbidden to dispose of the beautiful adornment to any other person, and when it is of sufficient length, the chief receives it, and presents the maiden with one of these handsome mats as her reward.

## CHAPTER XII.

### OTHER SAMOAN PRODUCTS AND CUSTOMS.

URING our wanderings in the South Pacific, we have heard much about tappa, and have seen it on countless occasions. We may now improve an hour by learning how the article is made. We already know that it is a product of the paper-mulberry tree. The lining of the bark is first stripped off in bands, which are laid in the bed of a running stream to soak. After a sufficient time these are removed, and laid, one by one, upon a log, in layers, and then beaten out to the width required, by heavy wooden mallets, having four sides, all grooved, the grooves of the sides increasing in size, the coarser grooves being used first, and thus on to the finest. When the strips have been beaten some time, they become blended into one mass, which, by the addition of fresh bark, can be increased in length and width to any extent. By the process of beating, it may also be made to vary in thickness, and so dexterous are the natives in the use of the mallet, that they sometimes make tappa as thin as gold-leaf. When beaten to the desired consistency, the newly-made goods is spread on the grass to bleach and dry. The material is usually dyed in various pretty or striking patterns, great

originality being displayed in the designing. The extent of some of the pieces is extraordinary, often being one hundred feet square.

The dews in Samoa are very heavy, and in the evening the people envelop themselves in tappa, and, like ghosts, stalk down from their own town into the white quarter, to the vicinity of the saloons. There they either sit or stand about in groups under the trees, listening to the music—of the accordion and concertina—and watching the dancing, which is the sure accompaniment of sailor life on shore.

Of course the washing of clothing must go on in Apia, as elsewhere in the world, and if we follow this beach road to the limit of the straggling town, we shall come to a bridge over a narrow stream, where this occupation is proceeding. The bed of the creek presents an animated picture. Native men, women, and children are standing or sitting in the water, laughing, talking, and washing with all their might. As we suspected would be the case, they invite us to join them in their labor, but we decline the pleasure. Each woman sits in the running water with a flat stone before her, upon which she beats the garments until she thinks they can stand it no longer, when she shakes them backwards and forwards in the stream, then spreads them in the sun to dry, occasionally sprinkling them thoroughly, to assist in the bleaching, and she succeeds in making them very white.



Now, crossing the bridge, we come to the French Catholic Church and the missionary dwellings. These missionaries have an eye to the main chance, and have obtained possession of the best land back of the town, and have a considerable portion of it well cultivated. The avenues through their orange, banana, and bread-fruit plantations are the most inviting in Apia.

Proceeding, we soon come to the British consulate, back of which a path leads to the pretty cottage of Mr. Williams, acting consul during his father's absence from the island. Mr. Williams is a grandson of the martyr missionary, Rev. John Williams, of whom we have heard and read much in connection with gospel work in the Southern seas, and who was barbarously murdered by natives at Erromanga. In this precinct are a few native houses, and in course of erection an English church, with aspect extremely barn-like. Not a stroke appears to have been given to the work for a long time.

But we will not yet retrace our steps. Just before us lies the favorite bathing-haunt of the Apians, every mortal of whom bathes two or three times a day. And we learn that they infinitely prefer fresh water to salt; and also that fishermen and coral divers, who have spent hours in the sea, invariably finish off the day with a plunge at this point. But the object of our stroll is the residence, just before us, of a hospitable lady whose gentle attentions to travelers in Samoa are equal to the kindness of her

brother, the acting English consul. Her thorough knowledge of the language, and the high esteem in which she is held by the natives, enable her to confer many favors otherwise not possible to be obtained. Then, all her kindly services are performed in a manner so charming that ourselves and every English-speaking resident in Samoa, or lonely wanderer from afar, is directly won to her society. Now, rounding this point, we come to the residence of the American consul, and a large native house belonging to the chief, Patiole, where terminates our walk.

Patiole's knowledge of English includes but few words, and conversation would certainly languish were we to enter; nevertheless, we will call a few moments. Physically, the man is as splendid a sample of the higher class as there is on the island. In height he is full six feet, six inches, and is finely proportioned. His figure conveys the idea of immense strength. His hair and whiskers are thick, black, and curly. His face beams with intelligence, and, altogether, his appearance is most prepossessing. For all these reasons one is pained to learn that the chief is much addicted to drinking, and that he has once been dismissed from his office as judge, on account of the habit. But upon presenting to the native authorities a cow, some fruit, and a quantity of vegetables, he was restored!

The great token of hospitality, when one enters a native house, and especially that of a chief, is the

preparing and presenting to the guests the native drink, called kava, an article never lacking in tippling Fiji, as we were often convinced, to our sorrow. So we are not surprised that Patioli should call for kava the moment the conversation waned. In Samoa it is considered very rude to refuse to drink the beverage, but that is a punishment we can hardly inflict upon ourselves; so we will allow some pressing engagement to call us away.

Nearly everybody knows how kava is made, but nowadays one can find few things to write about which "nearly everybody" does not know. Therefore, were we to limit ourselves to matters unknown, the few who have not learned everything would be sadly deprived. For their information, therefore, we relate how the native South Pacific drink is brewed. Kava is prepared from the root of a species of pepper tree, found on most of these groups. The shrub attains a height of five or six feet, and has a pretty green foliage, tinged with purple. The root, having been thoroughly washed, is cut in small slices, which are distributed to young persons with perfect teeth, to be masticated, by which process they are reduced to a complete pulp. Mouthful after mouthful of these little pulpy masses is thrown into a large bowl, ceremoniously placed in front of the one who is to serve the beverage, and water is then poured upon them. The mass is now worked with the hand until all the strength and virtue of the fiber is expressed, when it is deftly

strained away with a bunch of long fiber from the inner bark of the hybiscus, and the liquid is now ready for drinking. Its appearance is like that of weak tea; its taste like that of medicated soap-suds.

Considerable ceremony is observed in partaking of the extract. For example, a piece of sinnet rope, which is attached to one of the legs of the bowl, is first thrown to the man of highest rank in the room, to indicate to the guests his true social position. The talking-man—every chief is attended by a talking-man, or orator—then takes a cup—the half of a cocoanut shell, polished—of the liquid, and with great ceremony presents it to the person at whose feet lies the sinnet. He quaffs it immediately—to sip it is rude—makes his acknowledgments, and returns the cup, which the orator then passes to the entire group.

Kava has medicinal qualities of not a little power. Drunk to excess, it acts like opium, and the habit once formed cannot easily be broken. There are white men, on some of the islands in the South Seas, who live almost entirely upon the baleful preparation. To them it is as much a necessity as is the morning dram to an inebriate in other lands. To the inexperienced, the very thought of drinking the stuff is repelling, but if he can summon courage to try it, he will find a cup of it refreshing and somewhat nutritive. The natives very justly attribute some of their ailments to an inordi-

nate use of it. The habitual kava drinker may be recognized by his fishy-looking eyes and the scaly appearance of his skin. Kava bowls and cups acquire by long use a beautiful bluish-bronze tint, which renders them highly valuable to the natives.

Some visitors at Patioli's home are inclined to think the terrible associations connected with kava drinking are much mitigated by the charms of his sister, a young woman who does the honors for him. But to this we strongly dissent. To associate anything so graceful and pretty as is this little princess with a ceremony so aversive and harmful as that of kava drinking, but aggravates the evil. It must be admitted that pretty maidens are employed the world over to serve liquor to men, but the service is degrading, and ought not to be tolerated, especially in lands where Christianity is professed. "Her Royal Highness," the Princess Coé, is a bright little creature, a veritable fairy, in comparison with her gigantic brother. Her tiny hands and feet are like velvet. Her sweet oval face is lighted by a pair of the most laughing eyes, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the two rows of small, dazzling white teeth with which she sometimes masticates the kava root for the refreshment of her brother's guests. And no one can surpass her in the gracefulness of attitude and manner with which she presents the cup of kava, after she has prepared it, to the talking-man, to be given to the visitors.

During our sojourn in Fiji, the subject of coral



reefs and coral builders was rarely out of mind, but opportunity never occurred for visiting one of the singular structures, and for studying the amazing sights some of them present beneath the surface of the waters.

As the tide is now ebbing, let us take a boat with one of these magnificent bronze men to row for and guide us, and paddle out to the beautiful coral reef which incloses the Bay of Apia. A little way out we observe before us a number of canoes apparently empty, and they are; but ere we reach them, we see human heads bob up from the water, dark forms climb up their slender sides, balance themselves an instant, and again plunge into the depths. They are men diving for crabs and coral.

It is a pretty sight. Finer figures were never chiseled. Each one is a specimen of perfect physical development, and is fit for a model in sculpture. But here we are, over the coral plantation, and our eyes behold the most fairy-like views it is possible to conceive; views reminding one of the transformations sometimes witnessed in pantomime, showing the haunts of mermaids, wondrous scenes beneath the sea, and the like. The water is of the pale-green tinge peculiar to coral beds, and through this the colors of the sea-flowers are doubled in beauty and brilliancy. Miniature forests of gorgonias wave their slender branches over violet-hued blossoms, over fronds of delicate, fern-like coral. The branches of trees and the golden stamens of flowers unknown to us, vibrate amid a net-work of



OLD SWORD FISH.



YOUNG SWORD-FISH.

growths which utterly astonish us, and which we can liken to nothing we ever saw. Here and there among the stone grottoes and labyrinths, hang stalactites of the most dazzling tints and fascinating shapes. All these charming dells and

groves are filled with rare and curious forms of animal life, noiseless life, for, so far as we know, the realm of the fishes is a domain of silence.

Passing and repassing among the branching coral are countless radiant fish, bound on piscatorial business or pleasure. Some are purple striped with red. Others are bright yellow banded with black. Here is one with fins of scarlet; and here another with fins of gold. Conspicuous among them all, is a little

fellow of the most delightful ultramarine blue, who proudly holds himself aloof from the variegated crowd, as if conscious of his rarer attractions. He is the humming-bird of the waters, and after poising himself for a moment over one

plant, darts away and hovers over another more attractive. Great sea centipedes creep like snakes among the delicate coral stars. Huge sea-urchins and big crabs run and hunt amid the strong submarine vegetation which looms up beneath the water, tinted like malachite.

In the shallower parts, wonderful anemones and fanciful shells are to be gathered by wading over the slippery coral, or by tumbling into the countless deep holes on every hand. It is well on such excursions to retain the native who accompanies you close at hand, as you doubtless will meet with poisonous creatures, the very touching of which would be fatal. These natives claim to know the properties of every fish in the water, as well as of the trees in the forests. Indeed, a knowledge of natural history seems to be almost intuitive with the Samoan. In the deeper water is sometimes seen a great flat fish with a remarkable extension of spine which is supposed to be armed with a sting. This is the sting-ray, and is to be avoided. The barbed spinal bone is jagged on both sides like the edge of a saw.

We failed to learn, while in Fiji, what causes the always advantageous openings in coral reefs. Somehow we were impressed with the idea that they are a special arrangement of a kind providence for the benefit of fishermen, coral and pearl divers, or shipwrecked seamen, in need of a quiet haven—and so we still believe. Nevertheless, they are produced

by interesting natural causes. In every harbor partially formed by a coral reef there is ever a strong underflow and outflow of the water, which is constantly pouring over the reef from the sea into the harbor; and, besides, there is the daily flowing and reflowing of the tide. The ground, or bottom, over which this water moves is by its action kept free of coral, sometimes by the deposition of earth and sand, which are death to the coral worker, and sometimes by its vehement flow through the channel. The reef in front of the Bay of Apia has a fine opening.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### INTERESTING SAMOAN TOPICS.



REV. W. WYATT GILL, who, as a missionary of the cross, has spent years in coral lands, thinks that beyond doubt all these island groups were settled by descendants of colonists, who, centuries ago, came from the peninsula of Malay. Perhaps no man has devoted more time and study to the absorbing question, "Whence came these thousands of South Pacific people, so diverse and yet so much alike?" than has Mr. Gill. He has dwelt among them familiarly; has observed carefully their manners and customs; has studied their languages and religion; acquainted himself with their traditions and history, primarily that himself and his associates might win them to Christ, but also that, if possible, he might determine the much-disputed question of their origin. His opinions, therefore, may well claim our consideration.

Mr. Gill regards the evidence as conclusive that the Tongan and Samoan groups, especially, were anciently centers of civilization in the South Pacific, and that their inhabitants were originally from Southern Asia, the Samoans being the first, probably, to leave the parent shore. From these centers have passed out colonies, impelled by various con-



ditions and circumstances, to other islands, some clinging tenaciously to their civilized ways, and others, loosening their hold upon the better things, drifting backward until they were lost in the night of superstition and heathenism.

The name Samoa means the clan, or family, of the Moa, a lineal descendant of whom, still bearing the name of Moa, was living on the island of Manu'a, of the Samoan group, in 1876. The inhabitants of numerous groups possess traditions clearly indicating that their ancestors "came up" long years ago, "out of Savaii," the largest of the Samoan Islands, and formerly far more densely populated than at present. Most lingual students contend that their languages, though in some respects differing widely now, are essentially one. This is confirmed by the number of letters in their alphabets, most of them embracing from twelve to fifteen; and by the existence of similar words, having the same meaning, in the different dialects. Each group has its own dialect, and in some groups there are almost as many dialects as islands.

The steady progress with which the great Malay race has spread itself over all the Pacific, from New Zealand in the South to the Hawaiian Islands in the North, and from Fortuna in the West to Easter Island in the far East, is something very remarkable, if the great peninsula be the home land from which all South Pacific peoples sprang. This position would seem to render unnecessary, if not incorrect,

the plan adopted by modern geographers, of dividing the vast region of Polynesia into three great sections, according to the race distinctions of the inhabitants, as we have pointed out in the first chapter of this little work.

Two facts, if no more, seem to attest the antiquity of the civilization of the Tongan and Samoan groups as compared with that of the Hervey Islanders, the Tahitians, the New Zealanders, and numerous others. The languages of the latter contain no words for "thanks," while such expressions are ever on the lips of the former. Then, the tongues of Tonga and Samoa have a chief's dialect. In the Eastern Pacific there is no trace of a chief's language. This would indicate that as the people emigrated the dialect for the upper class was lost.

The first missionaries to the Hervey group were struck with the similarity to the Hebrew in the conjugation of the verbs of the language, as we ourselves have been with the laws and traditions of Fiji and Samoa, which evince at least a long past familiarity with Hebrew laws and history, as well as with some of their more important usages.

Of all quarters of the globe, Samoa is one of the last in which one would expect to find nuns, and yet here they are, in all respects as we find them elsewhere. To-day there is to take place in the Catholic Church at Apia the ceremony of taking the veil, by a native girl. It being our first opportunity of witnessing the rite, let us walk up to the

mission and be present. At the hour appointed, a procession of white nuns enters the church, each holding in her hand a long lighted candle. The latter part of the train is composed of brown or native nuns, leading between them the young probationer dressed in white. The white nuns having arranged themselves on each side of the altar, cease their chanting, and then is heard the faint voice of the candidate only. A series of mysterious and impressive ceremonies now take place, accompanied by strains of music, sometimes soft and low, at others joyful and triumphant; and when all is ended, the Samoan maiden, wonderfully self-possessed all the time, is one of the strange sisterhood.

We see no reason for envying her the position she now holds. Neither do we wish to emulate her example. We infinitely prefer our natural home life and the duties which grow out of it, duties to parents, to brothers and sisters, and all others with whom we associate. Around such a life no false glamour is thrown by showy ritual. The church we find crowded with natives, who appear to enjoy the sight immensely, yet not a tenth of them, probably, understand the import of the service. The display and mysticism of the Romish Church, on such occasions, are well calculated to dazzle the senses and instill awe into the minds of the heathen, who, in their own religious rites, invariably use emblems which appeal to the feelings.

The Samoans are really amazed, as well they may be, at the power and resources of the priests, and to the extent their feelings are worked upon, they dread their displeasure. Still, in spite of this, the number of native Roman Catholics in Samoa is said to be small,—about five thousand. There are also about the same number of Wesleyans. This leaves the remainder of the population to be connected with the London Missionary Society, a statement which makes all the inhabitants professors of religion. But this is not evidence that one-half of them have any enlightened ideas on the subject. That some of them have is undeniable. There are native Samoan preachers who not only understand, but have experienced, the real significance of the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We must not omit to say that the Samoans are prompt attendants at church. In Apia not only are they present at their own services, but also at those of the white people. It is really quite interesting to see them trooping down to church, dressed in their best mats and tappas. Those who possess shoes and shirts bring them in their hands and don them at the church door. Most of them have Bibles carefully wrapped in white tappa, and when service begins it seems to be a pleasure to them to all give utterance, by the aid of books, to the same sounds at the same moment. From this it will readily be inferred that they “read in concert” very nicely. By the way, concert of sound, made by

the voice, is an accomplishment the Samoans excel in. They sing in perfect time. And every Sunday hundreds of them may be heard singing the Christian hymns.

The moment the service closes, those who have not already found their garments too warm, remove them at the door, and, throwing them upon the arm, wend their way homeward, to eat and sleep until the next meeting. There is no danger of their oversleeping, for the hour of service is proclaimed by the beating of wooden drums, which make an aggravating din, and can be heard a long way off, utterly banishing slumber.

Sunday is most scrupulously observed by the natives. Nothing can induce them to sell anything on that day. And any vessel arriving at the island on Sunday must wait until next day to obtain fresh fruits and provisions. We once heard of an English gentleman who tried to purchase a rare necklace of an old lady in the native town near Apia, on a Sunday. She firmly refused to part with the article on that day, but promised to bring it in to him on Monday, and she kept her engagement. No fishing is permitted on Sunday, and every canoe is hauled upon the beach. No one rides on horseback, nor climbs a tree for a cocoanut. Thus the day is more rigidly observed than in old Scotland, where "new milk" and "mackerel" were allowed to be sold on Sunday.

One hears the native teachers of Samoa highly



extolled for their devoutness and capability. They were the early converts of the missionaries in the islands, and have labored with great assiduity among the people. Formerly, native priests were the only teachers. That they did their utmost to arouse fear and superstition in the people, as did those in Figi, their traditions fully attest. They ascribed the simplest phenomena of nature to the power of evil spirits who could be appeased only with sacrifices and offerings. They thus enriched themselves at the expense of the people, who paid a high price for being deceived. In those days the power of the priest in Samoa equaled that of the king, as the subjoined and much-condensed historical sketch confirms:—

Until 1837, the seat of government was on the island of Manu'a, less than a mile in length and breadth. Here resided the king, the royal family, including Moa, descendant of the great Moa who colonized the group, the high functionaries of state, and most of the leading aristocratic families of Samoa, and in no country was social rank more sharply defined. To Manu'a the people of the group sent tributes of fine mats, pork, tappa, and kava. At that time there were continual disputes between the Samoan and Tonga people, and, strangely enough, they were all about a fishing ground—we know something of such harangues between the United States and England to-day.

One morning of April, that year, a fleet of ten

canoes set sail from Tonga, and landed in the dead of night at Felialupe, the largest village on the island of Savaii. They rushed upon the doomed community with spear, and club, and fagot; set fire to the houses, and slaughtered the inmates. At break of day, wild with joy and sated with blood, they returned to their canoes with twelve captive maidens of high rank. A few of the Samoans who had escaped sounded the alarm, and shortly a number of brave and fierce Savaiians rushed to the shore to release the captive maidens and to avenge the dead. The Tongans were launching their boats, about to push off, when the Samoans, with fearful shouts and yells, were in their midst. The encounter was terrible. Parties were battling on land and on water. They wrestled on the rolling deck, until, locked in deadly embrace, both fell into the water; and, both being equally good swimmers, fought, until one fell beneath the mighty club of the other. The conflict raged until noon, when the Tongans found safety in flight, leaving three hundred dead on the field, besides numbers who were captured and held as slaves. Sixty, only, escaped, with but one canoe of the entire fleet. All this sounds very ill for the two great "centers of civilization" in the coral seas, but have not nations far more civilized fought battles far bloodier, and with weapons far more deadly than clubs, long since 1837?

When the news of this encounter reached Manu'a, the Samoan seat of government, a speedy council

of war was called, urged on by the high priest, a bold, violent, unprincipled man, who combined in himself the threefold office of warrior, priest, and prophet. His voice was for immediate death to the prisoners. This proposal the calm-tempered king instantly vetoed. Retaliation was rather to be sought by invading Tonga. But while preparations were making for this step, ambassadors arrived from that nation to negotiate the release of the prisoners.

The king received them with much reserve; the high priest, with insult and reproaches. After prolonged observances and the delivery of gifts by the Tongans, they were admitted to an audience in the public square. This audience continued ten days. The utmost courtesy and etiquette were observed. Some of the speeches occupied an entire day. During the time, the king and his great chiefs sat in a circle two hundred feet in diameter, and behind them a multitude of the common people.

The king, eighty years of age, opened the conference with a long and conciliatory speech, in which he urged his subjects to hear the envoys with such courtesy and respect as became a people conscious of the justice of their cause. Then the ambassadors deplored the wicked attack on Samoa, saying their old and wise men had forbidden it, "but wisdom had been drowned in the hot blood of young men." The brave warriors of Samoa had deservedly punished them. Now if Samoa and Tonga would

but make a friendly alliance, the two nations might dictate to their enemies. The venerable king was keenly alive to the advantages of such a confederacy, and expressed satisfaction and concurrence.

But now uprose the high priest, who made a violent harangue, in which he insisted that the burning of Felialupe must be avenged, and rudely reproached the king with weakness, cowardice, and dotage. He then boldly avowed his determination to sweep from his path all who opposed the work of retribution. These direful words caught the popular ear, voiced the popular desire. A violent commotion then ensued, during which the unmoved king commanded the immediate release of the prisoners.

Up to this stage in the proceedings the high priest had spoken in his capacity as warrior and priest only. Now, however, he vaunched forth as a prophet. Foaming at the mouth, quaking in every limb, as was his wont when in communion with the Great Spirit, he prophesied evil for Samoa; "that, ere the moon had thrice filled her horns, a black cloud would settle upon the islands; brother would fight against brother; Samoan blood would flow on Samoan soil as freely as water." The council then broke up in much disorder, and the ambassadors, with their released countrymen, departed in peace. But the high priest from that moment prepared for revolution, and made offerings to his gods. In three weeks, through his traitorous

scheming, Samoa was plunged in civil war, this time, certainly, not "through the intrigues of foreign adventurers." In two months the aged king was deposed, and, with his family, dispatched to Upolo, the high priest assuming the reins of government. The usurper lived three years only. In 1840 he died, having secured the kingdom to his daughter, Avola, then but sixteen years old.

In due time Avola, who was beautiful and of kindly disposition, made a progress throughout the isles of her kingdom, according to Samoan custom. She was attended by the magistrates of the realm, and everywhere was received with profound homage and veneration. The daughter of a famous warrior, high priest, and prophet, she was profoundly respected, even by those who fought against her father. But her youth, her beauty, and, above all, the graciousness of her disposition, charmed her friends, and at once conciliated those who were unfriendly to the new dynasty.

Arriving upon the lovely island of Upolo, the noble king and the princes, his sons, hastened to meet her and to present their gifts. Far from manifesting any jealousy, they cordially welcomed her to their place of exile. At sight of the fallen monarch and the magnanimous bearing of his sons, the young queen wept in their presence. The interview was considered a happy omen. "How could future calamity to Samoa be more rationally averted than by the marriage of Avola with one of the king's sons?"



asked the sagacious Samoan statesmen. But, alas, for the forecastings of such men! Avola's heart was already another's. She returned to her throne in Manu'a. There followed great feasting and rejoicing. After a banquet in the evening, many of the youths and maidens assembled on the beach to dance and sing in the moonlight. On a crag near, but screened from view, sat the young queen and her betrothed. There was held a brief conversation, couched in the beautiful symbolism so much employed by these Southern Pacific peoples, when, rising to his feet, the youth laid his rich mantle of tappa in the lap of Avola, stepped lightly to the edge of the crag, and sprung into the sea.

The young queen cried, "O Thama, stay, stay!" It was too late. Thama would not stand in the way of Samoan peace and unity.

Instantly there followed a wild cry of agony, and a second plunge from the cliff. The low waves then sung a tender dirge over Samoa's lovely queen and the unselfish Thama.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OTHER WONDERS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.



E will now step into this canoe with this polite, fine-looking native, and learn how the great sea-turtle is caught by daylight.

Yes, night is the best time to watch for them, but we prefer not to venture far from shore after dark. Should we chance upon one to-day, we shall surprise him sleeping, and his capture will prove no great feat, since we shall not be obliged—as is sometimes the case—to mount the monster and take a ride among the sharks. The turtle sleeps soundly during the day, and we shall paddle alongside noiselessly, when these men will carefully lift him on board before he gets an idea of what is going on. The creature rarely attempts to bite, and is quite kind and harmless, except when floundering about. He can then give a severe blow with his flippers if he likes. Should our capture prove too heavy for the party to lift, a cable, dexterously slipped around him, will tow him to land.

Sometimes turtles do not try to escape the presence of men, and frequently a number of them are in company. In such cases, as many men as there are turtles approach them gently in a canoe, jump



A SOLITARY FISHER (SOUTH SEAS).

overboard, spring upon their backs, and with the hands clasp the shell just behind the neck. This prevents the fish from "sounding"—going down head foremost—as the turtle never fails to do when alarmed, if not prevented by the weight of a man on his back. A turtle has invented no other plan for getting rid of his rider than by diving, so now he is quite helpless and allows himself to be steered in any direction his captor chooses. Thus is he soon brought alongside the canoe and hoisted in without a struggle. All this appears to us like a simple bit of acting, and yet it really requires very great skill. A turtle in the water can cut a naked man very dangerously with his flippers, and he must never be seized by the tail. As surely as he is, he will immediately fold his tail very close to his body, and thus hold the hand as tight as if in a vice, and in that situation drag the man to the bottom of the sea.

Turtles never venture inside the lagoons of islands, except the entrance be wide and the tide flowing freely. They object to warm or stagnant water, but enjoy the fresh spray dashing upon the outer reefs. They are as fond of *beche de mer* as is a Chinaman, and in search of the slugs will hazard entering the shallow water at the top of a reef. On these occasions the male and female turtles are always in company. By far the greater number of turtles are captured on low, sandy beaches—as is particularly the case at Vu-ni-wai Levu—where they re-



sort to lay their eggs at night. Full moon is their favorite time. Then the female sails into shore, while her mate remains outside beyond the breakers, watching for her return. Of course she lands with a high in-going tide and goes to sea again with the next flood, so she spends several hours ashore. Should daylight overtake her before high water, she makes her way out to the reef and there lies perfectly still until the tide comes in, never attempting to move, not even when trodden upon by men searching for other fish. Thus the natives often capture them.

When the turtle lands to lay, she proceeds well up the beach, above high-water mark, frequently under the shadow of trees, and there scratches out a large circular cavity, throwing the sand out with her flippers. As she turns round and round, the hollow becomes as smooth as a basin, and sufficiently deep to let her sink below the surface of the ground. Then, in the middle of this pit, she digs a small perpendicular cavity about as deep as the length of a man's arm, and therein deposits her eggs to the number of about one hundred, and, refilling the excavation, returns to the sea. As she leaves the nest she traces a broad track in the sand. You perceive that, though a man may easily find the path of a turtle, it is not so easy to find her eggs. Often on bright moonlight nights native fishers may be found walking upon the beach, after high tide, looking for indications of turtle visits.



Should he discover the pathway, but not succeed in capturing the turtle, he can generally determine if she has recently been on the spot, and if there be no tokens of a late visit, he will arrange to be at the place on the ninth night from that time. Should he not then find her, he will try the eighteenth night, well convinced that, if no accident has occurred, her presence is assured at one of those periods, and exactly at the spot, or about a cable's length to leeward—never to windward. Should she return on the eighteenth night after her first appearance, she may be expected no more, or certainly not until the following year.

It seems to us a curious thing that a creature so strikingly stupid in appearance as the turtle should display so marvelous an instinct in the observance of times and seasons, and, moreover, that she should show such marked cleverness in concealing her eggs. Should she perceive a man in the neighborhood, instead of instantly rushing away, as we would expect, she will lie quietly for hours as though waiting for his departure; but if the turtle hunter advances, and she sees that escape, by this bit of harmless acting, is impossible, she will start for the beach at an astonishing rate, but, sadly enough, is almost sure to be caught. The hunter will quickly manage to turn her on her back, and then her fate is sealed.

Turning them over is easily accomplished by an observing man. A turtle's mode of locomotion on

land is to wriggle from side to side with sudden jerks, making short strokes with her flippers. In doing this she inclines a little to one side at each stroke; the man watches, and at just the right instant turns her over. The turtle moves about some little time after death, and unless the head is removed close to the base of the skull, death will not wholly ensue until decomposition commences. It is claimed that the most humane instrument for killing them is a sharp ax. One mode, practiced by the islanders, is to strike them on the back of the head with a club. Then a bundle of dry leaves is ignited and swept over the shell. This step loosens the plates, which are at once removed. The under part of the shell is then split from the upper, and the flesh is cut up.

When a turtle is caught in coral land, be it large or small, the flesh is divided among all the inhabitants of the village where the captors live, and sometimes, as we might expect, a very small piece comes to each individual. The usual weight of a full-grown turtle is four hundred and fifty pounds, but occasionally the weight mounts up to seven hundred pounds. The turtle is profitable, not only for its shell, but for the oil it contains—not less than ten gallons from the larger ones. The usual price of the oil is \$10 per gallon.

Turtle shell is a valuable product of the South Pacific, and throughout the isles certain laws regulate the fishing. In most groups, whoever—man

or woman—first discovers a turtle, is entitled to the shell. This is precious to the natives, aside from its price in money, as numerous ornaments and articles of domestic service are made from it. Of the thicker portions they fashion ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, spoons, knives, and fish-hooks. The knives are formed of the blade bones, and for ordinary purposes are as effective as steel knives, possessing an edge it would be unwise to run the finger over carelessly. Sharpening is a process they seldom require.

The eggs of the turtle are perfectly round, and about the size of a small ball. The shell is not brittle, but like parchment. The natives eat them, but they are anything but palatable to a European. A gentleman residing on Savu-Savu Bay, island of Vanua Levu, once killed a turtle containing three hundred eggs, but about one-third that many is the usual number laid. The infant turtles are hatched in about a month after the eggs are laid, are perfectly formed, about the size of a large crown piece, and are at once ready to start out to the battle for life. Various birds of prey and the great land-crab are their enemies, and manage to capture numbers of the little fellows.

We have learned how the turtle is captured; let us now see how it is cooked. In some islands—as once was the case in Fiji—all turtles were claimed by the king, or the local chief. For their eating, the plates were removed from the back, and the

animal placed whole in an oven of hot stones, and baked. If the royal circle was not large enough to consume the entire body at one meal, the remainder was preserved in this ingenious manner: The fish is baked in the shell, back downwards; the hollow of the shell soon fills with melted fat or oil. This is



THE ROBBER CRAB.

laded out and placed aside until wanted. After the meal, the meat that remains is cut in pieces about the size of a man's hand, and laid in cocoanut shells. These are then nearly filled with the oil, and over the top a large green leaf is tied. Then they are placed in safe keeping until wanted. When required, they are again put in the oven and heated. In this manner turtle steaks may be preserved an

indefinite time. Are they a delicious meat?—Well, the natives relish them, but to our mind the South Pacific scarcely furnishes a more disagreeable dish.

Sponges, among the most curious creatures of the animal kingdom, form another profitable industry of the coral isles. It was long supposed that the fine bath sponges of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Bahama Islands, were scarcely equaled in other parts of the world, but from some localities in this great archipelago come as soft and beautiful specimens as can be found in any market. Like all other pursuits in which the art of diving is practiced, much skill and experience are required to insure success.

They grow on the coral, and very much in its deep recesses, and in a living state are very difficult to discern, as they seem to be a part of the stone itself. When first dislodged, they are hard, heavy, slimy, and as black as tar. The finest are in the form of a mushroom and vary in size from that of a man's hand to two feet in diameter. Usually, the lagoons are their place of abode, and they are found at any depth not below two fathoms. In other waters they are brought up from any distance not exceeding one hundred fathoms. Sponges are the habitations of animalculæ, which, in the process of bleaching and cleansing, are entirely destroyed and removed.

There are various modes of accomplishing this object. Here, we observe, a sandy beach has been chosen for the purpose, because there is a strong



ebb and flow of the tide. A number of forked sticks have been driven into the sand, and upon these have been laid slender poles, forming an airy frame-work. From these poles the sponges are suspended by cords, and when the tide is in, they float in the water freely. When the tide is out, they are exposed to the wind and sun, decomposing the living organisms. Thus by repeated scorplings and washings, the sponges become cleansed, bleached, and softened. A finishing touch may be added by immersing them in hot fresh water infused with lye from wood ashes.

Another method is to expose them to the air and sun until the little animals are destroyed, then immediately they are either rapidly beaten with a stick, or are trodden by the feet in a stream of flowing water, until the skin and all soft tissue are removed. Should this treading and washing be delayed, but for a few hours, after the sponge has been exposed a whole day, to completely purify it would be next to impossible. When cleansed, they are hung in the air to dry, and are then packed in bales. If packed before the drying is complete, the sponges heat, and there appears upon them orange-yellow spots, termed "sponge cholera" by the fishers of the Mediterranean. This discolor must not be confused with the natural red tint possessed by many sponges, especially near their union with the stone.

One finds himself deeply interested in the various methods by which sponges are brought up from

the sea. In quite shallow water they may be hooked up by a harpoon. Lying at greater depths, thirty or forty fathoms, for instance, the services of a diver are generally required, but from the deep sea they are dredged with a net. Harpooning was the earliest method employed. The harpoon is a five-pronged fork, with a long wooden handle. Sometimes one harpoon fails to reach the coveted treasure, then two are spliced together. In diving, the man carries a net attached to his neck to hold the treasure. The moment he reaches the bottom, he hastily snatches whatever sponges he sees, then pulls violently at the cord and is instantly drawn up. He has been down two minutes, perhaps, at the utmost but three, probably at a depth of twenty-five fathoms or less. Upon being received into the boat, he takes several powerful respirations, and speedily recovers from the effect of his plunge.

But if his descent reached from thirty to forty fathoms, he comes to the surface in a swooning state. If, after a descent, blood flows from the mouth and nostrils, the man is regarded as being in good condition. Should this symptom be wanting, the diver will hardly venture a second plunge that season. You perceive that the profession of the sponge diver is not an enviable one, neither is it always lucrative. He frequently returns to the surface empty-handed. The pursuit is rarely carried on in cold weather, or if it be, a diver's dress is worn. The descent takes place from a ship an-

chored out from shore, and manned by eight or nine men besides the diver.

At certain points in Florida sponge farming is meeting with some success, and also in some foreign countries. The method is worthy our attention for a moment. Fine specimens, in an uninjured state, are selected, placed on a board, moistened with sea-water, and, with a knife or fine saw, cut into pieces one inch square, care being taken to preserve the outer skin unbroken. This operation should take place in winter, because exposure to the air is then less fatal than in summer. The bits are then skewered to bamboo rods—three on each rod. The rods are now fastened in upright positions between two upright boards, and sunk to the bottom of the sea, weighted with stones.

In choosing territory for a sponge farm, one must avoid submarine springs and the mouths of rivers, because in such spots there is liable to be mud, and that, in sponge growing, as in coral building, is fatal to the little workers. Sheltered bays, with smooth, rocky bottom, overgrown with green seaweed, and freshened by gentle waves and currents, make the sponge feel at home and happy. In such situations, the small cuttings will in one year grow to two or three times their original size, and at the end of five or seven years are large enough for the market. Five or seven years! Ah, this will be the drawback to sponge farming in the nineteenth century! Few Americans, certainly, are willing to wait so long as that for returns from their investments.

## CHAPTER XV.

### OUR RELATIONS WITH SAMOA.



As we take seat this morning in the shadow of these tall cocoanut trees and look off at the shipping anchored in the harbor, we notice that two or three of the crafts display the dear home flag. The sight of the beautiful banner is inspiring and brings to our remembrance the active part taken for some years past by the United States Government in the national affairs of Samoa. The subject forms an interesting chapter of history, familiar, we are inclined to believe, to few of our people. We can hardly spend this hour to better purpose than by reviewing the important circumstances which will carry us not farther back than General Grant's administration.

President Grant's attention was early called to the necessity of possessing, in the South Pacific, coaling stations for United States cruisers in time of war, and ports, also, which should serve as depots of supplies and places for repairs, not only for the navy but also for our mercantile vessels. Perceiving the desirability of such facilities, the President dispatched Col. A. B. Steinberger to the Samoan Islands to thoroughly investigate the situation, the safety of the harbors, their advantages as coaling stations, and the commercial prospects in the islands. Colonel Steinberger's report was sent to Congress by the President, April 1, 1874. At this time, also, the Samoans addressed a letter to

President Grant requesting the United States Government to aid them in forming a government for themselves, asking for the protection of our country, and offering annexation to the United States. Colonel Steinberger was immediately returned to Samoa as American commissioner. He sailed from Honolulu, for these islands, in the United States ship *Tuscarora*, Henry Erben commander. The *Tuscarora* entered this harbor in March, 1875.

Immediately the Samoan chiefs were informed of her arrival, of the presence of Colonel Steinberger on board, of the object of his visit, and that he was the bearer to them of a letter from President Grant. The chiefs appointed April 1 for receiving the commissioner. They then asked that time be given them to assemble the petty ships, and to receive properly the President's letter, requesting twenty-two days for the purpose.

The days intervening before the assembly were passed in daily conventions, at which were carefully explained the provisions of the proposed Samoan constitution, every article being gone over until all seemed to be thoroughly understood. The new government was based upon the Taimura—a sort of senate—composed of seven chiefs elected each year by the remaining chiefs. Malietoa Laupepa, a man of noble character and statesman-like abilities, was chosen king.

On April 22, all the chiefs having convened, Commander Erben attended the council, and General Grant's letter was presented to King Malietoa, who handed it to the commander to read. A translation of the same into the Samoan language was also read by Dr. George A. Turner, of the London Missionary Society's Medical Mission. Colonel Steinberger then explained to the people the im-



portance of the occasion, and the meaning of the articles of the constitution. The new flag for the government had been brought out by the *Tuscarora*. It consisted of seven stripes—red and white—representing the seven islands of which the group is composed, with a white star in a blue ground, emblematic of the island of Upolo as the seat of government. This flag was now shown them, and the commissioner proposed its adoption, which at once took place amid much enthusiasm. The ensign was then hoisted in the public square and saluted with twenty-one guns, by the *Tuscarora*. The next step was to notify the foreign officials of the adoption of the flag and the constitution.

Arrangements had of course been made for a parade to follow, and it is said to have been a very grand and picturesque affair. Fully eight thousand persons were in procession, all dressed in fancy costumes, and marching splendidly, each village by itself, preceded by pretty brunette maidens clad in their richest feather robes, brilliantly colored. As they advanced, the men performed athletic exploits and feats of arms, showing their war maneuvers. We can imagine how impressive was all this, with their splendid figures, animated features, and radiant adornments.

The parade and ceremonies over, the foreign consuls and missionaries called upon Commander Erben and pledged their aid in strengthening the newly-formed government. The great chiefs tarried at Apia until a code of laws was formed, very simple in their nature, and relating only to trading, revenue, and three or four leading crimes. The laws touching liquor selling were regarded as very arbitrary by those engaged in the business in the islands. The *Tuscarora* remained in harbor long

enough to see that the new machinery was running nicely, and then returned to Honolulu. Thus, under the auspices of the United States, was inaugurated, April 22, 1875, the Government of Samoa.

The reign of Malietoa was quiet and prosperous until about the close of 1884, when foreign intrigue became active, and finally resulted in attaching the sovereign rights of the king to the municipality of Apia, by Germany. By this time also Tamasese, the vice-king, openly rebelled against the government, being supported by foreign representatives, who, for their own interests, had determined the overthrow of Malietoa. And eventually the latter was seized and exiled to a distant island in the Western Pacific.

King Malietoa Laupepa was the highest born of all Samoans, being a direct descendant, through twenty-three generations, of Savea Malietoa I. When proclaimed king, he was immediately recognized as such by England, Germany, and the United States. Tamasese, a high chief, was at the same time chosen vice-king. Malietoa had been carefully educated at the mission school in Apia. He was a man of studious habits, of remarkable singleness of heart, was calm and Christian-like, was beloved and revered by his people, and by them considered a man of much learning.

During the nine years of Malietoa's reign, and indeed for some years prior to that, German influence had been strong in the island, and it is today a well-known fact that at the time the Samoan Government was founded, Germany cherished a desire, if not a fixed purpose, to acquire control of the group as a colonial possession of the empire. It can hardly be questioned that as early as 1875, there was a quiet understanding to this effect between Chancellor Bismarck and certain very wealthy

German business men living in Samoa. But the occurrence of unexpected and calamitous events in Europe required all Prince Bismarck's attention, and for a time frustrated the Samoan scheme.

From 1875, when Malietoa was made king, down to 1887, there had existed an agreement between Germany and England to respect Samoan neutrality, and with the United States there was a diplomatic understanding to the same effect. In the latter year there was held in the city of Washington, a conference, at which the three powers considered their separate relations with Samoa. The meeting resulted—notwithstanding England's willingness to give Germany predominance in the islands—in an agreement to respect the neutrality of Samoa, and to allow her people to elect their own rulers. Any other course would have been in violation of treaty rights with the Samoans, possessed by the United States since 1878. This treaty conceded to Samoa the privileges, in this respect, which are granted to other governments. Indeed, each of the three powers possessed its treaty with the Samoan Government, and their rights ran side by side, so much so, that any superiority of one would clash with the interests of the other.

As may be supposed, after the deportation of Malietoa, there existed continual internal strife in Samoa. In arms against the usurper, Tamasese, was the great chief, Mataafa. Both were determined to gain the ascendancy. During all this time, too, the Germans had taken a high hand in Samoan affairs, which finally resulted in an open conflict between themselves and the natives. Together with Great Britain, they recognized Tamasese as king. They proclaimed war against Mataafa, to whose standard flocked the people; they declared martial law; bombarded the villages; searched En-

glish vessels; suppressed the English newspaper at Apia; assumed control of the post-office; destroyed the property of American citizens, and threatened to bombard the town of Apia, and to do other arbitrary things. Information of these proceedings having reached Washington, the government telegraphed Minister Pendleton as follows: "You will temperately, but decidedly, in oral conference, notify the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, that we expect nothing will be done to impair the rights of the United States under existing treaty with Samoa," etc. Thereupon Count Bismarck telegraphed the German Consul at Apia that "annexation was impracticable on account of the diplomatic agreement with England and the United States."

At this stage of affairs Admiral Kimberly, in command of the ship of war *Trenton*, was dispatched to the scene of trouble, with instructions to inquire into the circumstances, and to oppose the subjugation of the native government of Samoa, as a violation of positive agreement between the three powers. Meantime Chancellor Bismarck, who had requested the co-operation of the United States in affairs at the islands, was informed that the American Government was willing to aid in restoring order in Samoa, on the basis of the preservation of the complete independence of the people, and that Germany had overstepped the bounds recognized in the law of nations, when she presumed to subject American citizens to martial law.

Hereupon, Prince Bismarck telegraphed the naval commander at Apia to withdraw his proclamation of martial law, so far as it applied to foreigners, and also to Consul Knappe to retract his demand to have the control of the islands temporarily given into his hand, and to desist from try-

ing to coerce the native administration. About the same time, or on January 19, 1889, the German Premier proposed to the United States a renewal of the conference of 1887. The government accepted the invitation on condition, that in the interval, Germany's warlike operations in Samoa should cease. In his letter the chancellor stated that Germany would not call in question the independence of Samoa, nor the equal rights of the three powers.

Accordingly, the German authorities at Apia withdrew the decree of martial law and relinquished the right of search. Mataafa remained in his entrenched camp with a following of six thousand men. Tamasese occupied the fort at Zuatuanu, with six hundred insurgents. Dr. Stiebel was ordered to the islands to replace Consul Knappe, who was recalled. Thus did Germany recede from her attempt to gain supremacy in the Samoan Islands. And thus are we brought down in their history to March 11, 1889. On that day Admiral Kimberly, with the *Trenton*, entered the Bay of Apia and immediately offered to co-operate with the German and British authorities in establishing peace and order in the islands, at the same time admonishing Mataafa and Tamasese to await the result of the conference.

This conference convened on the 29th of April. On June 14 a general treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries, which contained numerous provisions to be observed by all the powers, and secured the independence of Samoa. About the time the conference began its labors, King Malietoa was brought back from exile, set free, and told by the German representatives to "do as he pleased." He was soon restored to his sovereignty, and is now king of Samoa.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### CYCLONES IN THE CORAL SEAS.



It is quite impossible for us to rehearse all these stirring events, so many of which took place on these very shores, or to recall the presence on this bay of Admiral Kimberly and the *Trenton*, without being painfully reminded of a sad disaster which took place inside this reef but little over a year ago ; a disaster which sent the greatest dismay to many hearts both in Germany and in our own fair land. The Bay of Apia then presented a scene of horror which lasted through hours of fear and dread, and certainly in this harbor never had its parallel. Shall we not try to picture to ourselves that scene, if for no other reason than as a sort of tender tribute to the memory of our brave countrymen, who in that fearful hour found graves among these beautiful coral caverns ?

Four days after the arrival of Admiral Kimberly, or in the night of March 15, 1889, there swept over these islands a hurricane of terrific violence. Then riding at anchor in the Bay of Apia were seven ships of war and fifteen merchant vessels. Before the storm ceased every one of them was either totally destroyed, or stranded on the shore. The warships, one English, three German, and three American, were all anchored near together, and when the

gale began, their engines were set to work to relieve the cables. Still the vessels dragged their anchors, and repeatedly were dashed one against another, and most of them were driven furiously upon the ragged reef, on the western side of the bay.

The German gun-boat *Eber* first struck the reef and was turned keel upward. Immediately the natives, forgetting their enmity, rushed into the roaring breakers, at the risk of their lives, and rescued one officer and four men, while five officers and sixty-six men were seen no more. The German flag-ship *Adler* was lifted bodily from the water and with great fury cast upon the top of the reef, and turned over on her side. Then took place a desperate struggle for life. Many of the men plunged into the boiling surf and struck out for shore. Of the one hundred and thirty officers and men on board, twenty were drowned or killed when the ship careened. The remainder succeeded in gaining the shore. The German corvette *Olga*, after striking against nearly every other ship, was beached on a sand-flat, and soon after the storm abated was got afloat again.

The British corvette *Calliope*, possessing more powerful engines than any of the other ships, slipped her cable and successfully steamed out to sea, though narrowly escaping being dashed on the reef.

The United States steamer *Vandalia* was hurled upon the reef with terrific force and sunk near the shore. Those of her officers and men who attempted to swim to land, were nearly all drowned. Those who clung to her masts were violently swept off a few hours later by the *Trenton*, as she floated past, driven by the wind. Some of them fell into the raging waters, and others upon the deck of the

*Trenton*. The *Vandalia* lost five officers and thirty-nine men. As she struck, her commander, Captain Schoonmaker, one of the most valuable men of the navy, was thrown against one of the guns, stunned, and lost. So also was Lieutenant Sutton, a brilliant young officer of great promise. With them also went down Paymaster Arms, and his clerk, John Roche, both noble and faithful men. The *Trenton*, after passing the *Vandalia*, rushed on and was thrown upon the beach in front of the American consulate, losing but one man.

During the entire perilous scene, the Samoans are said to have exhibited the utmost humanity and heroism in their efforts to save the perishing men, making no distinction between nationalities. The storm continued two days, and when it had passed, the Bay of Apia presented one vast field of wreckage. From all the shipping about nine hundred men were saved and had to be provided for on shore.

It is impossible to estimate the force of such a hurricane, or cyclone, as it is now known to have been. The most powerful cables are snapped like pack-thread. The heaviest anchors are drawn from their beds, as if but feather weights, and ships caught in its grasp are tossed upon reef or shore like mere playthings. Nearly all the great hurricanes of the coral seas are "circular gales," traveling in one direction. They sometimes sweep out from the tropics and traverse vast reaches of the ocean, leaving appalling destruction in their path. Happily, however, they are not frequent. This gale of March 16 and 18, 1889, traversed over twelve hundred geographical miles, embracing in its track the Hervey Islands and the Society group. At Rarotonga, Hervey Islands, the United States steamer *Red Cross* was driven ashore and lost.

For days after news of the sad event reached the respective countries, the bulletin boards of the newspapers were eagerly scanned for details of the disaster, and for the names of the lost and saved. Of Americans there were lost four officers and forty-six men ; of Germans, nine officers and eighty-seven men. Upon learning of the unfortunate occurrence, Queen Victoria requested the British Minister at Washington to express to the President of the United States her deep sympathy with those who had been so greatly bereaved. A similar message was also telegraphed to Berlin.

As we have said, storms of this character are not common events in the South Pacific. Sometimes years elapse between their visits. True, every winter there occur gales of greater or less severity, but the inhabitants appear to be little disturbed by them. And certainly, few of their dwellings are constructed to resist great force of wind. The following description of the sudden rising of a gale in the island of Vanua Levu, Fiji—given us by a traveler in that group—will convey an idea of the usual effect produced by such commotions:—

“After luncheon I took a quiet ‘*siesta*’ and awoke about three o’clock, and was surprised to find that all around us the aspect of nature had changed as if by magic. There was a restless movement of the trees, a singular lull in all nature’s voices, and that indescribable oppressiveness which forebodes a storm. The sky had a lurid glow that I didn’t like. In a moment we were all on our feet. ‘It’s coming,’ remarked one. ‘It will not be much of a blow,’ added another. ‘A mere passing wind,’ affirmed a third. But instantly Savu-Savu Bay was a sea of seething white foam. The waves leaped with fierce fury over the islets of coral, out

by Kombelo Point; darker grew the sky; now the rain came down in a deluge; the distant coconut trees bent their trunks; their leaves stretched wildly out before the blast; far away to the south, the lightning lit up the blue outline of an island; now a distant peal of thunder reached our ears. A few minutes later the wind suddenly dropped; the sea grew calm; the coconut trees raised their heads; the clouds fled away; the bright sun shone out, and all nature was serene again."

"I ventured to remark," said the traveler, that "the sight was grand while it lasted, but as a gale it was not very alarming."

"Not a champion one for these latitudes," replied the host, "but sufficient for our wants."

This account would probably describe two-thirds of the storms occurring in this archipelago. In February, 1865, however, Samoa was visited by a hurricane which laid the pretty little island of Manono almost bare. In 1850, also, there happened another, wrecking two ships and a schooner in this bay. But, as if to compensate for that, Samoa was for fifteen years thereafter exempt from atmospheric disturbances more alarming than swift gales.

In America we can boast no such happy freedom from desolating storms. The past fifteen years have furnished us hundreds of them. They come in a moment, leave destruction in their track, and vanish before one can think what has happened.

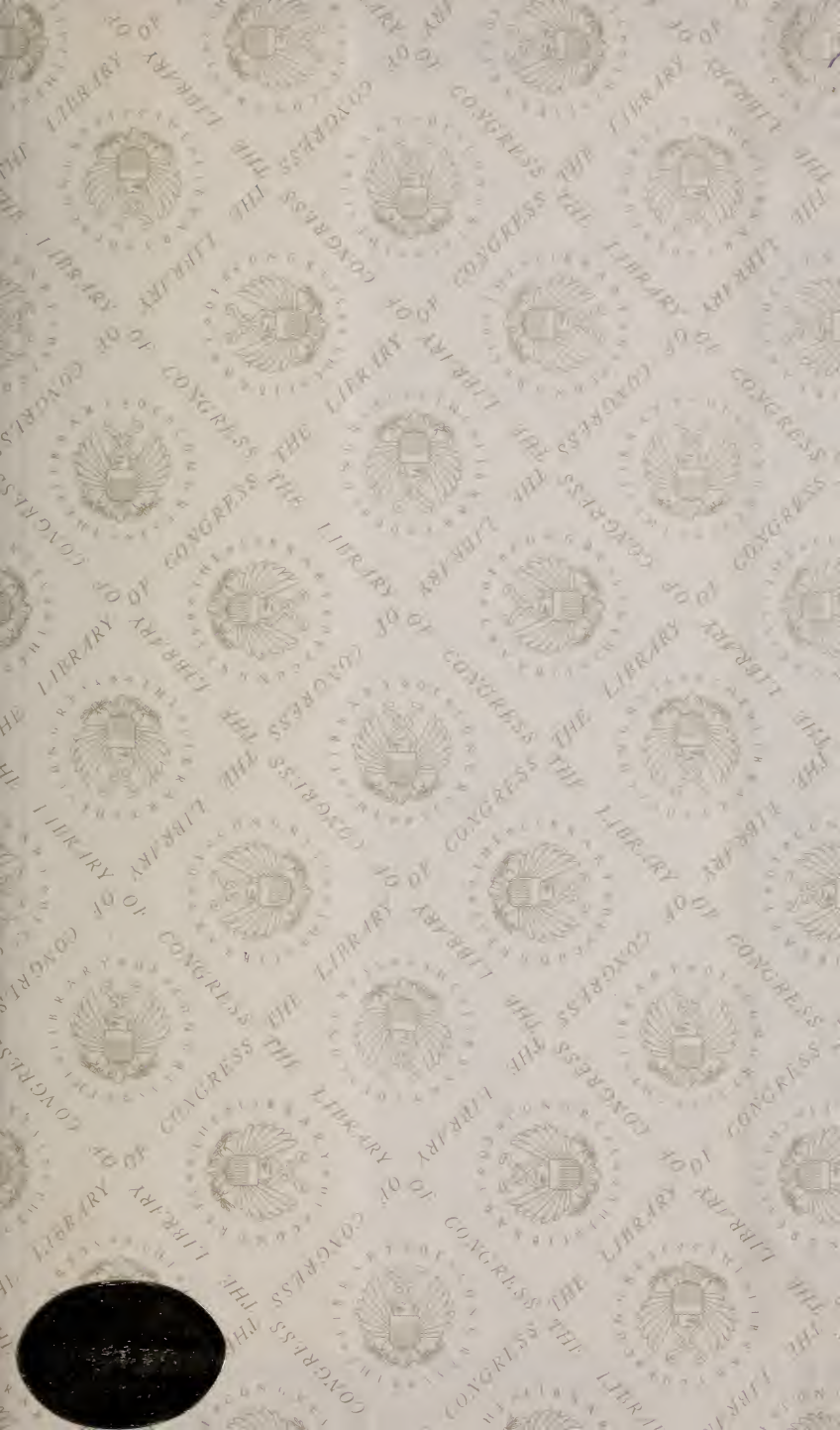














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